THE

AMERICAN WEST

COURTESY MITCHELL A. WILDER AND THE AMON CARTER MUSEUM

Traditionally the sheepherder, the rustler, and the Norther were all enemies of the cowboy of the Great Plains. However, after the middle 1870's, the dirt farmer with his barbed wire signaled the end of the free spirit of the open range. "The Fall of the Cowboy" by Frederic Remington epitomizes this condition.

THE

AMERICAN WEST

VICTORIOUS AND TRIUMPHANT!

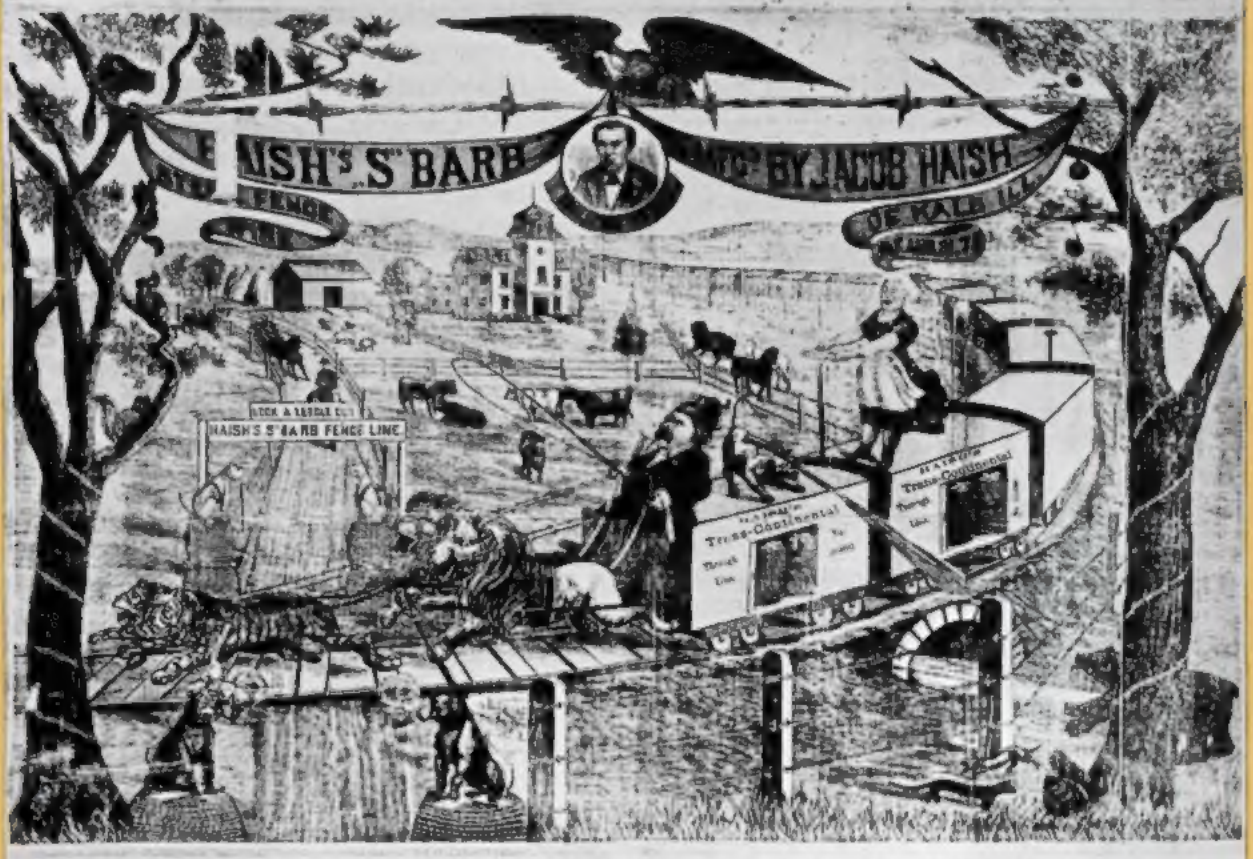
HAISH'S

IMPROVED "S" BARB

AND STEVENS' LOCK STITCH.

STEEL FENCE WIRE.

Enameled and Galvanized. Sold on its Merits, and not through the influence of threatened Lawsuits.



Haish's Patents.

No. 140,071	dated January 20, 1874	
" 147,634	"	February 17, "
" 152,868	"	June 23 "
" 164,852	"	" 15 1875
" 164,240	"	August 31 1875
No. 74,979	"	February 11 1868

Reissued Letters Patent one-half interest

Whom the gods destroy, they first make mad.

Hence the impotent rage of men who have sought to steal the legitimate results of Haish's ingenuity, who have blindly supposed they could hoodwink him and draw away, for possession, the various patents and claims which he owns, knowing as they did not will that unless they could secure some of the BOTTOM PATENTS owned by him there was no prospect of ever being able to hold the Broad Claim. Yet the Monopolists will by no a possess the moment you dare utter a word condemning their right to dictate to you what kind wire you shall use. Don't they? Wonder can we take you're bold. It is easy to threaten, and build a plausible story, but the facts remain unaltered that Haish has patents and claims on Barb Wire, and machinery for its manufacture which he holds exclusively under the control of these Monopolists. Such being the case, Haish guarantees to all vendors and consumers of his Barb Wire, a safe passport from perils by land or sea.

Haish's Valid Claims.

The compression of two wires to hold the barb.

The combination of a twisted wire and barb.

The application of a barb to hold two wires.

A four pointed sheet metal barb.

"Make him a goot fit, Yawcap
Stretch fast dem vires tight
Dot dem mit beetle schnicky,
Mit inguh we take a bite.
Der bologna are quite handy
Dey knust ish no to-bac
Shust Draw your Haish's Lager,
While I drive he stanie through."
"Blue Frankie, see dot trouble
Dis guy he makes alway,
Shust leave him home pulled hawk,
Mit trudder Haas to-day.
Now catch him eh, der sharpened
When both my handes are full
He comes t'ot up out undher
And shakes himself a dyell."

FOR SALE HERE.

J. JACKMAN, Agt. GENOA

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THE AMERICAN WEST

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In addition to the barbed wire patents mentioned in "The Devil's Hatband," Jacob Haish's popular "S" barb was a strong contender in the field.

Kit Carson and the Adobe Walls Campaign

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

BY ROBERT M. UTLEY

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The old mountain man had achieved brilliant success as an Indian-fighting cavalryman, but at Adobe Walls the "guns that shoot twice" saved him from disaster

Shortly after dawn on November 25, 1864, New Mexico and California volunteer troops led by Colonel Christopher Carson stormed into the Kiowa village of Little Mountain in the Canadian River Valley of the Texas Panhandle. The Indians fled downstream and joined with warriors from other villages—Kiowa, Kiowa-Apache, and Comanche—spotting the valley for a distance of ten to twenty miles below Little Mountain's camp. Carson's troops had flushed a very strong force of Indians, and throughout the day the contestants grappled in some of the most savage fighting known to the Indian frontier. Hastily withdrawing to his base at Fort Bascom, New Mexico, Carson considered himself fortunate to have extricated his command at all. Yet he had inflicted serious casualties and had dealt a damaging logistical blow by destroying one of the villages. More remarkable, he had come to grips with the enemy—a rarity in Indian campaigning. By the terms of Indian warfare—terms quite different from those by which the great campaigns in Virginia were at the very moment being conducted—the Battle of Adobe Walls was in fact a victory for the troops.

Even as late as 1864, the Kiowas and Comanches were regarded by many as friendly Indians. True, in raids sweeping southward as far as the interior provinces of Mexico, they had ravaged the Texas frontier for several decades. But in 1864 Texas was one of the rebelling southern states, and federal authorities could hardly deplore a frontier menace in Texas that tied down troops sorely needed by the Confederacy in the East. Farther north, small war parties had occasionally harassed traffic on the Santa Fe Trail. In 1860 this problem had led to an elaborate offensive involving troops from three military departments, but it accomplished little or nothing. Early the next year, however, Lieutenant Colonel George B. Crittenden led a command from Fort Union, New Mexico, in a successful surprise attack on a Kiowa-Comanche village near Cold Spring, in the Oklahoma Panhandle. Thereafter, these tribes remained comparatively quiet until 1864. The Adobe Walls campaign, then, marked the beginning of really serious trouble with the Kiowas and Comanches. There would be brief interludes of peace or near peace, but not until the Red River War of 1874–75 were they to be crushed for all time.

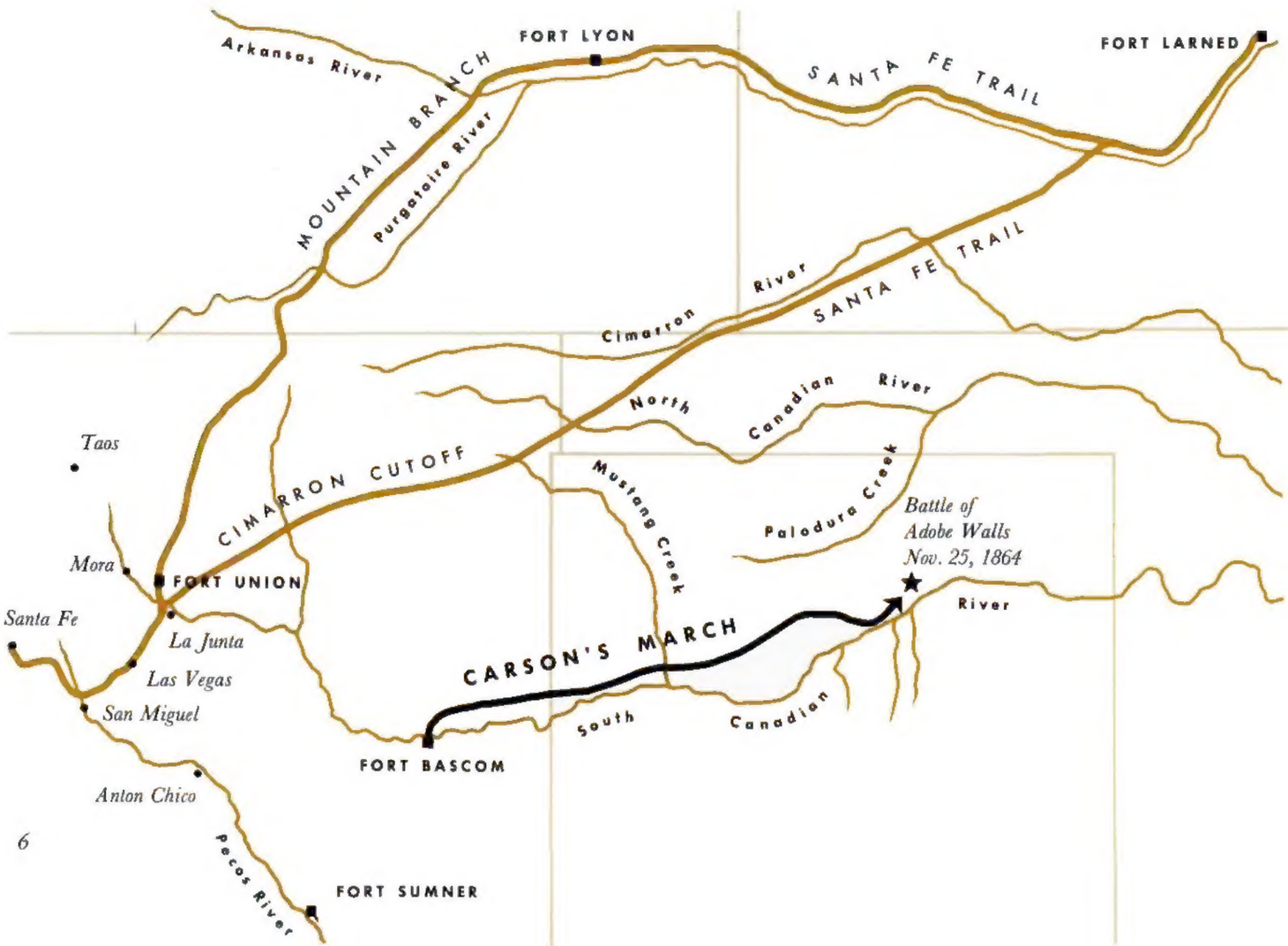
The Adobe Walls campaign sprang from a mounting threat to the Santa Fe Trail posed by all the major tribes

MUSEUM OF NEW MEXICO

of the southern Plains—Cheyenne and Arapaho as well as Kiowa and Comanche. The military garrisons along the trail in Kansas and eastern Colorado had been depleted as the Civil War battlefields demanded more and more troops. At the same time, the Santa Fe Trail took on greater importance than ever before. A sizable federal army had been assembled in New Mexico as a result of the confederate invasion of the territory in 1862. The southern offensive had been shattered and thrown back, but federal authorities regarded another attempt as likely. While guarding against this supposed threat, the army in New Mexico busied itself fighting Apaches and Navajos. The territory could not support so many troops, and practically all supplies had to be hauled over the Santa Fe Trail from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. The very existence of the army thus depended upon keeping the trail open. Upon few points was the federal commander in New Mexico, Brigadier General James H. Carleton, so sensitive as the security of the Santa Fe Trail, his sole line of supply and communication. The long strings of richly laden freight wagons, the scarcity of soldiers who would pursue, and an ingrained love of raiding when the risks were small drew the tribes of the southern Plains into increasingly daring thrusts at the trail.

Throughout the summer the pace of Kiowa-Comanche raiding accelerated. One of the most brutal raids occurred on July 31. A train of five wagons and about twenty oxen belonging to Peter Allison, en route from Santa Fe to the States with a cargo of hides, camped at Lower Cimarron (Wagon Bed) Springs, a watering place on the Cimarron Cutoff in extreme southwestern Kansas. The five American and two Mexican attendants were enjoying an after-dinner game of cards when about two hundred Comanches swept down from the hills and charged into camp. Only the wagon master was armed. He fired four shots before a warrior impaled him on a lance. All the Americans were butchered and their bodies mutilated. The raiders spared the Mexicans, a rather common practice because of the lucrative intercourse between New Mexican *Comanchero* traders and the Kiowas and Comanches, and provided them with a wagon and team with which to return to Santa Fe. Several days later the two survivors told their story in the New Mexican capital. They said that the Comanches had acted proud and defiant and had vowed to take all trains and kill every American they found. Moreover, if General Carleton came out they would kill him too, for he had taken their lands along the Pecos River and given them to Navajos—an allusion to his program of exiling the defeated Navajos from their homeland to the west. The general, a man of hot temper and extreme vanity, may well have regarded this as a personal challenge.

Another incident, involving Kiowas, occurred in August at Fort Larned, a Santa Fe Trail outpost on the



We will rally round the walls, boys — the old adobe walls
Where our comrades are wounded and dying.
We will scalp these savage redskins while one by one they fall,
For their bullets through the air are swiftly flying.

We'll give the mighty warwhoops, we'll rush upon our foe,
We'll teach those ugly savages that fear we do not know,
Yes, we'll rally round the walls boys — the old adobe walls,
While the bullets through the air are swiftly flying.

See how tranquilly the river glides unmindful of our cause,
She seems to mock upon her shores the dead and dying,
But she's following the dictates of mother nature's laws,
While the bullets through the air are swiftly flying.

See! they are charging up the valley boys our skill they do not know,
For blood the savage devils now are crying,
Forward boys, repel them, we'll deal a deathly blow,
While their bullets through the air are thickly flying.

Now they have fired the grass boys, the flames are coming on,
To surround us now the Kioways are trying,
But let them ride around we'll pick them one by one,
While the bullets through the air are swiftly flying.

Let us turn our back upon them and set fire to their homes,
And rejoice while their winter meat is frying,
Though their chiefs are crying cowards, we will try and seal their doom,
While their bullets through the air are swiftly flying.

Their tents are now in flames boys they know they can't resent
Their noble chiefs are moaning loud and sighing,
They are pretty badly whipped boys, we'll now return content,
For their bullets through the air have all ceased firing.

"THE OLD ADOBE WALLS," BY ONE WHO WAS THERE (SANTA FE *GAZETTE*, APRIL 22, 1865)

Arkansas River in western Kansas. A Kiowa camp nearby had been celebrating a successful raid into Texas when two warriors, one of them the noted chief Satank, attempted to enter the fort, probably to trade at the sutler's store. The sentry tried to halt them; unable to communicate, he raised his rifle in a threatening manner. Satank swiftly fired two arrows into the soldier. The Indian village and the army post promptly boiled with excitement, each fearing an attack by the other. The garrison of Colorado Volunteers under Captain James W. Parmetar—"a notorious incompetent," the Santa Fe *New Mexican* labeled him—made ready to defend the post, but the Kiowas contented themselves with running off the cavalry horses and stock belonging to the post.

However, the trouble was not only with the Kiowas and Comanches. Along the Mountain Branch of the Santa Fe Trail in eastern Colorado, along the Smoky Hill Trail in west-central Kansas, and along the Oregon Trail up the Platte River Valley, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and Sioux committed outrages on travelers and nearly severed the supply lines to Denver. By late August the military authorities, if not the Indians, considered the plains to be in the throes of a general war involving all the major tribes. Colonel J. C. McFerran, newly appointed chief of staff of the Department of New Mexico, arrived in Santa Fe in late August after a journey across the plains. His report to Carleton pictured a condition of near chaos on the Santa Fe Trail and, urging "the most prompt and decided steps" in response, played an instrumental role in moving the general to action.

Prompt and decided steps were soon to be taken. With hastily recruited volunteer troops, Colorado reacted vigorously. The offensive here was to fall principally on the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, which occurred most heavily at the controversial Battle of Sand Creek on November 29, 1864. The Kiowas and Comanches became the responsibility of the Department of New Mexico largely by default, for with the close of the travel season they began to drift southward toward their winter ranges along the Canadian and Red rivers. The Plains Indians preferred peace during the winter, when their ponies could not find adequate forage for strenuous exercise and when all the energies of the people were devoted to the quest for food.

A wily and agressive commander, General Carleton had learned much about Indian fighting in his twenty-five years of service as a frontier officer. His creed was to remain on the defensive during the summer when heavy cross-country traffic needed protection from marauding war parties, then lash out on the offensive in the winter when the Indians were most stationary and least prepared to defend themselves. Kit Carson's classic winter campaign of 1863–64 against the Navajos had demonstrated beyond doubt the soundness of such strategy. "Our first care should be the defensive—the preservation of the trains," Carleton advised the adjutant general of the army in late August. "When they are secure, the offensive may be begun in earnest." Accordingly, the general ordered strong detachments, composed of infantry for camp guards and cavalry for escorts, to key locations on both branches of the Santa Fe Trail between the eastern frontier of New Mexico and the Arkansas River. Next he turned to planning the offensive.

By 1864 it had become nearly an automatic response for Carleton, when he needed a competent field commander for a major operation, to turn to Kit Carson. Carson could write no more than his own name; he had to have his adjutant read aloud his mail, and he rarely did things the way the professionals were taught at West Point. But he knew Indians as few white men did, and as colonel of the First New Mexico Volunteer Cavalry he had clearly shown his ability to lead men and employ them in Indian combat. His campaigns of 1862–64 had won for Carson the enthusiastic confidence of the department commander. In return, the veteran mountain man gave Carleton an undeviating loyalty and admiration similar to that accorded an earlier and equally controversial superior, John C. Frémont. Carleton probably considered no other candidate for command of the Kiowa-Comanche expedition.

In fact, because of a shortage of troops, he intended to make it strictly a war of Indian against Indian. The Ute Indians, who drew rations at Lucien Maxwell's ranch on the Cimarron River, had been enemies of the Kiowas and Comanches for a century. Carson had served as their agent at Taos ten years earlier and still exerted strong influence in their councils. Carleton suggested that Carson enlist about two hundred Utes and lead them against their enemies on the east, promising them such ponies and other booty as they might seize. For a time there was also talk of augmenting the Utes with contingents of Mescalero Apaches and Navajos from the Pecos River reservation, but this came to nothing. And, although Carson easily persuaded the Utes to join the

enterprise, he made it clear to Carleton that the Utes would have to go as auxiliaries to an organized body of troops. Indians alone simply were not to be depended upon. He would need a strong force of cavalry, infantry, and artillery—at least three hundred men—if the expedition were to have any hope of success. Carleton acceded, though not very graciously, and began the task of trying to find enough troops to compose the command.

On October 22, department headquarters in Santa Fe at last issued orders authorizing the campaign and directing components of the command to march from their scattered stations to the rendezvous at Fort Bascom, a new post on the Canadian River in eastern New Mexico. A copy of the orders also went to Major General James G. Blunt at Fort Larned, Kansas, with the hope that his force could march southward to cooperate with Carson—a hope that proved vain. The expedition was to consist of five companies of cavalry (three of the first California and two of the First New Mexico), a company of California infantry to guard the wagon train, and a battery of two twelve-pounder mountain howitzers served by a detachment of California infantry. Under Carson, Lieutenant Colonel Francisco P. Abreu acted as infantry commander, Major William McCleave as cavalry commander. Lieutenant George H. Pettis commanded the artillery, and Lieutenant Charles Haberkorn was responsible for (but hardly commanded) the seventy-five Ute warriors who finally showed up at Fort Bascom. Numbering about three hundred fifty men plus the Indian auxiliaries, the expedition marched out of Fort Bascom on November 12 and pointed down the Canadian River. Gathering clouds forecast the first snowstorms of winter.

MUSEUM OF NEW MEXICO

A wily and aggressive commander, General Carleton had learned much about Indian fighting in his frontier service.

Another kind of storm raged in Santa Fe. The superintendent of Indian Affairs for New Mexico, Michael Steck, who had been waging a bitter but losing battle against Carleton's Navajo colonization project, objected to a war against the Comanches. These Indians, he contended, had always been friendly, and a campaign against them would call down their wrath on the exposed settlements along the eastern frontier of New Mexico. Not only had the general failed to consult Steck before fielding the expedition, but he had also not consulted him about enlisting friendly Utes, who were under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Carleton's response ran to nearly two thousand words. In detail he demonstrated that, although perhaps not so guilty as the Kiowas, the Comanches had spilled enough blood during the previous summer to merit severe punishment. Dealing with hostile Indians, he said, was a military responsibility that required no consultation with civil officials. Even the recruiting of friendly Indians, though Steck should have been informed, was in this instance a military matter because of the necessity of committing the mountain tribes against their old enemies in the war shaping up with the Plains Indians.

In neither contention was the general wholly correct. Under ordinary circumstances Indian affairs demanded close coordination between civil and military officials. But these were not ordinary times. Confronted with a confederate threat that had once nearly succeeded, Carleton had clamped upon Civil War New Mexico a rule little short of military dictatorship, and he had formed the habit of ignoring any civil official who differed with him. Neither was Steck in the strongest of positions. The debate over the Comanches had important

overtones which are suggested by the evidence but not satisfactorily clarified.

For a century or more New Mexican *Comanchero* traders had carried on a lively commerce with the Comanches. Each year trading caravans moved back and forth between the eastern frontier of New Mexico and the Staked Plains of Texas. In the *Comancheros* the Comanches enjoyed a dependable market for the cattle and other plunder of raids on the Texas frontier as well as a source of arms and ammunition to conduct the raids. Many important New Mexicans at such villages as Mora, La Junta, Las Vegas, San Miguel, and Anton Chico depended for their livelihood upon this trade, and it had attained the status of an intrenched vested interest. In order to comply with the Indian Intercourse Laws, the traders had to obtain a license from the superintendent of Indian Affairs, but this had never proved difficult, probably because the Comanches had rarely seriously menaced the New Mexican settlements and because the true nature of the trade had never been clearly perceived by United States officials in New Mexico.

That Superintendent Steck was financially interested in the *Comanchero* trade cannot be proved. For eleven years, however, he had not hesitated to use his official position with the Indian Service in New Mexico for private gain; he enjoyed cordial relations with some of the leading traders of Las Vegas; he persisted in proclaiming the Comanches innocent despite some very strong evidence to the contrary; and he continued to issue trading licenses even after Carleton's orders for the campaign had been published and, indeed, after he had assured the territorial governor that no more licenses would be issued. In view of this circumstantial evidence, the possibility of financial bonds between Steck and the *Comancheros* cannot be discounted.

As a matter of fact, the only intelligence Carleton and Carson had of the location of the Indian villages came from these very *Comancheros*. Early in October a supply train en route from Fort Union to Fort Bascom met a party of traders returning from the Staked Plains with a drove of cattle and some horses purchased from the Indians. The traders informed the corporal in charge of the escort that the Comanches, some three thousand strong, were wintering beyond Palodura (not the better known Palo Duro) Creek about two hundred miles northeast of Fort Bascom.

The Indians were indeed there. The Kiowas and allied Kiowa-Apaches, together with some of the Comanches, had moved south from the Arkansas and laid out their winter camps on the north bank of the Canadian River beneath the Red Bluffs. The Kiowas, under the aged but still powerful chief Little Mountain (Dohásan), occupied the village farthest upstream. Four miles below were the eroding adobe walls of a trading post built twenty years earlier by William Bent. Farther down the river lay other Kiowa and Comanche encampments. A combined Kiowa-Comanche raiding party under a Comanche warrior named Little Buffalo—the largest such party ever recruited—had swept through northern Texas in October and returned with some captive white women and children, including the celebrated Millie Durgan. A Kiowa raiding party may have been absent on a similar mission when the troops struck the Indians in November. Toward this alliance, so correctly located by the *Comancheros*, Carson marched in a direct line down the Canadian River.

Snowstorms slowed the expedition and twice forced Carson into camp for a day. As the troops pushed farther down the Canadian, however, the weather moderated. The northern escarpment of the Staked Plains loomed on the right, across the river. Much to the annoyance of the soldiers, the Utes, anticipating the spoils of victory, staged nightly war dances. Each day groups of them scouted to the front and on the flanks for signs of Kiowas and Comanches. Early on the afternoon of November 24, the command bivouacked on Mule Creek, thirty miles west of Adobe Walls. That evening two Utes galloped into camp with word that they had found a heavy trail of cattle and horses ten miles in advance. Carson knew that the quarry was now within striking distance. Leaving the train with its infantry guard behind, he ordered the men into their saddles for a night march. Shortly after midnight, fifteen miles from Mule Creek, the troops dismounted. Holding the bridles of their horses and shivering under a heavy frost, they waited for some Utes to spy out the terrain ahead.

The scouts returned two hours before dawn, and the march was resumed. A warm sun rose over the frosty breaks of the Canadian. Three hours and ten miles after leaving the predawn camp, three Kiowas appeared on the south side of the river. Carson sent Major McCleave with Captain Charles Deus's company of New Mexico cavalry to cross the stream in pursuit. The Utes dashed into the brush and almost instantly reappeared shorn of

buffalo robes and blankets and decked in war paint and feathers. They galloped toward the village that Carson was now sure lay within his grasp. As sporadic firing broke out between McCleave and the three Kiowas, the main command labored through tall dry grass broken here and there with clumps of cottonwood trees and piles of driftwood. The howitzers, mounted on small-wheeled prairie carriages, slowed the advance. About nine o'clock the column emerged from the tangled grass onto

MRS. JAMES A. MILLER WICHENER, VIRGINIA

Michael Steck and the Co

a firm, unobstructed valley floor. Ahead, over the crest of a low ridge that projected into the valley from the north, Carson's sharp eyes detected five miles distant the conical points of Little Mountain's tepees—about one hundred fifty in number. While Carson lingered to hasten the artillery, the rest of the cavalry pushed forward and joined McCleave, who had recrossed the river to the north side.

The Kiowas had been surprised. The first warning came when three young men, who had gone out to round up strayed ponies, dashed into camp and gave the alarm. Close on their heels came the Utes, and behind them the cavalry advanced in formation at a gallop. The warriors mounted and fought a delaying action to allow their families to escape. Setkopte recalled years later how, as a child in the village, he had taken his younger brother's hand and run with his mother, who bore a baby on her back and another in her arms. With the other women and children, they sought refuge in the breaks north of the valley. The charge of the Utes fragmented as they scattered to stampede the Kiowa ponies, but McCleave's cavalrymen were soon among the tepees. Little Mountain raced down the valley to alert the other villages. Stumbling Bear and Lean Bear distinguished themselves in the defense, the latter singing the song of his warrior society according to an obligation that required him to kill an enemy before saving himself. With most of the women and children safely out of the village, the Kiowa warriors abandoned it and retreated down the valley, McCleave's horsemen in close pursuit.

The Kiowas had no intention of giving up so easily. Four miles below the village, just beyond the ruined shell of Bent's old adobe fort, they rallied for a stand. When Carson with the artillery and its small cavalry escort reached the scene about ten o'clock, he found his men on the defensive. They had dismounted and fanned out in an arc that enclosed the Adobe Walls. Lying in the thick grass, they had already beaten back several determined charges by the Kiowas. For protection, the horses and Surgeon George S. Courtright's hospital had been placed inside the Adobe Walls. In full view three miles beyond lay another village estimated at three hundred fifty lodges. From it poured swarms of Comanche warriors to strengthen Little Mountain's Kiowas. The combined force numbered more than a thousand. The Utes dashed back and forth firing from beneath their ponies. About two hundred Comanches in advance of their comrades responded in like manner. The artillerymen directed the two howitzers to the top of a small conical hill rising about twenty-five feet above the flat valley floor, where Carson and McCleave had also taken station. "Pettis, throw a few shells into that crowd over thar," ordered Carson. From Pettis came the commands: "Battery, halt! action right—load with shell, LOAD! Number one—FIRE! Number two—FIRE!"

At the first discharge [Pettis recalled], every one of the

continued on page 73

The Bomb at the Governor's Gate

BY BRYCE W. ANDERSON

ILLUSTRATION BY KEITH ROBINSON

thing of a "Saturday night town," with stores staying open for the benefit

the clop of shod hooves through the rutted streets

to each other, "What happened?"

IDAHO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

On the icy sidewalk of a residential street four blocks from the Saratoga Hotel lay the answer. There, beside a gate that flapped crazily on one hinge from a suddenly twisted picket fence, the body of a big, heavy-set man in his fifties writhed, then lay still. There was a great bloody hole in his right side and back. Blood trickled from the corners of his mouth and down his bull neck to the buttoned, tieless shirt collar.

The man was Frank Steunenberg, sheepman, land speculator, banker, newspaper publisher, and twice governor of the state of Idaho. He was Caldwell's number one citizen.

Members of his family rushed out the shattered front door of his two-story frame home to carry the hideously wounded man into the house while someone went for a doctor. Within twenty minutes, Steunenberg was dead.

Four blocks away, a little, squat, apple-cheeked man who had registered at the Saratoga Hotel as Thomas Hogan (or Goglan—there is some confusion in the records) entered the hotel bar. Patrons were questioning each other about the boom that shook the windows. Some rushed outside to investigate. The man called Hogan who had told people he was a sheep buyer inquired, too, but without great excitement.

The bartender had been trying to tie up a New Year's package for somebody, and his clumsy fingers had been making little progress. Now, unnerved momentarily by the explosion, he gave up. The man called Hogan tied the package for him, swiftly and expertly. The bartender set out a drink.

A bird's-eye view of Caldwell, Idaho, in 1905.

In front of the Steunenberg residence, a throng quickly gathered. They had no need to ask each other what had rattled their windows. They could see plainly enough that some powerful explosive had burst at the very gate of the ex-governor's home. A piece of fishline, burnt at the ends, lay on the walk beside the blood from Frank Steunenberg's body. Scattered about were bits of plaster of paris. The string had been stretched across the walk, and as Steunenberg opened the gate, the toe of his heavy boot had caught the taut string setting off the release mechanism of a homemade bomb. The questions Caldwell citizens asked each other as they clustered outside the home were "who?" and "why?"

Aftermath of trouble in the Coeur d'Alene

No one could say who first voiced the thought; doubtless it occurred simultaneously to many minds, for swiftly through the throng passed the conjecture that the explosion had something to do with "the trouble in the Coeur d'Alene."

The trouble was old, marked by a series of bloody dates on a calendar. There had been much violence in the gold, silver, and lead mining region of the Coeur d'Alene mountains of Idaho's panhandle before Frank Steunenberg was elected governor by a Democratic-Populist coalition in 1896. The first pitched battle there in the war between miners and mine owners was fought at the Frisco & Helena mill near Gem in 1892. There followed martial law, brief periods of uneasy truce, and other outbreaks.

Shortly after Steunenberg was re-elected in 1898, the Coeur d'Alene erupted again. There was spasmodic violence during efforts of the Western Federation of Miners to unionize the Bunker Hill & Sullivan Company's rich properties at Wardner. On April 29, 1899, the company's mill was dynamited by a mob of more than a thousand men; two were shot to death, and rioting members of the mob burned the mine superintendent's home and the company boarding house.

Governor Steunenberg had been elected with union labor support, but he refused to countenance a violent uprising. He asked for federal troops (the Idaho National Guard was in the Philippines chasing Emilio Aguinaldo, a wily leader of a fight for independence). Meanwhile, Steunenberg sent State Auditor Bartlett Sinclair to the Coeur d'Alene with full power to act in his name.

As soon as the troops arrived, Sinclair placed Shoshone County under martial law. Miners were arrested indiscriminately. Seven hundred of them were confined in hastily erected "bull pens" lacking any sanitary facilities. In addition, one of the things that rankled the imprisoned miners most was the taunting by Negro soldiers among the troops assigned to guard them. When the bull-pen prisoners were caught attempting to escape by tunneling out, they were put on bread and water for eight days. Conditions were so bad as to bring

protests from Brigadier General H. C. Merriam, commander of the troops. Nevertheless, Sinclair ruled with an iron hand—and with the backing of Governor Steunenberg. As a result of the whole incident, eleven Western Federation of Miners officials were sentenced to prison, Sinclair outlawed the federation, and Shoshone County employers were forbidden to hire its members. Martial law remained until after Steunenberg was defeated for a third term in 1900.

At the time of the explosion in Caldwell, the Coeur d'Alene affair was six years in the past. But as a Citizens' Protective Committee formed in Caldwell on the cold, fear-filled night of December 30, 1905 to put up $25,000 reward for capture of whoever placed the bomb, there was much talk that the trail would lead back to the Coeur d'Alene.

While news of the tragedy was flashed over telegraph wires to the state capitol in Boise twenty-seven miles away, Sheriff Nichols of Canyon County took charge at the scene. He immediately set about to form a search posse. Plenty of people volunteered. Among them was a little fat-faced "sheep buyer" who was registered at the Saratoga Hotel as Thomas Hogan. The sheriff declined many of the offers, including Hogan's.

While the posse was still being organized, a special train puffed in on the Union Pacific from Boise. Aboard it was a group of state officials headed by former Lieutenant Governor Joseph Hutchinson. From then on, Hutchinson and Nichols were involved in the case.

There was little sleep in Caldwell that night. The posse searched carefully and brought in for questioning anyone who appeared remotely suspicious. The sheriff and Hutchinson asked numerous questions but received mostly useless answers. They did, however, learn this much: Steunenberg, as he often did, had walked to the Saratoga Hotel to chat with friends. He had sat in the lobby a while talking and reading the Boise *Capital News*. A few minutes before seven o'clock, he had excused himself and started home. Perhaps two minutes later—just long enough for him to walk the four blocks—the explosion had shaken the town.

On New Year's Eve, George Froman was walking past the Saratoga Hotel with his friend Charles Steunen-

Harry Orchard while awaiting trial in 1906. Until his death in 1954, his address was the Idaho State Prison

berg, the murdered man's brother. He glanced through the front window and saw the man called Thomas Hogan sitting in the lobby reading a newspaper. Pointing through the window, Froman told his companion,

"There's the man that did it. He's been hanging around for months, doing nothing. He's affluent but he has no business. A number of times he has asked about your brother."

Charles Steunenberg relayed Froman's suspicion to Hutchinson. It was certainly little enough, but in the day since the murder, twenty-two men had been arrested for questioning, and none of them had provided any answer to the crime. Hutchinson decided to investigate, so he obtained the key to Hogan's room from a hotel employee and searched the room. There, he found two towels tied together and hung over the doorknob to hide the keyhole. In the chamber pot, he found remnants of plaster of paris. In a suitcase was a piece of fishline.

Hutchinson told Sheriff Nichols the result of his search. The sheriff learned that Hogan's trunk had been sent to the railroad station for shipment. He immediately went there with a search warrant. In the trunk he found a bottle of nitroglycerine, a set of what the newspapers later called burglar tools, several sticks of dynamite, and a sawed-off shotgun.

Thomas Hogan was preparing to check out of the Saratoga when Nichols arrested him. Confronted with the evidence, he shrugged his shoulders and declared that it was all a "plant." The sheriff clapped him into jail.

It just happened that Harvey K. Brown, sheriff of Baker County, Oregon, was in Caldwell and asked to see the man held as prime suspect in the Steunenberg murder case. Sheriff Brown declared that he knew the prisoner, that Hogan used to be active in the Western Federation of Miners in the Coeur d'Alene, and that he went by the name of Harry Orchard. This evidence seemed to support the motive originally talked about on the excitement-filled evening of December 30.

As the news was blazoned, another lawman in another state came forward with a bit of information. Sheriff Bell of Teller County, Colorado, where the Western Federation of Miners had been locked in a bloody struggle with

Frank Steunenberg, ex-governor of Idaho, was murdered in front of his home on the night of December 30, 1905

mine owners, said Harry Orchard had been there, too, but under the name of Dempsey. Moreover, he had been there when on June 6, 1904, a homemade bomb blew up the Independence depot killing thirteen strike breakers as they were going off shift and maiming many others.

The story flashed across the nation: Frank Steunenberg had been murdered by order of the Western Federation of Miners in reprisal for his actions in the Coeur d'Alene. Harry Orchard had been hired to do the job.

The news leaped from the front page of the newspaper that William Dudley Haywood bought in Denver, Colorado, as he walked to headquarters of the metal miners' federation of which he was general secretary.

"Big Bill" Haywood hauled his two-hundred-plus pounds upstairs to his office, spread the paper out on his desk, and read every word with his one good eye (he had lost the sight of the other in an accident). Then he dispatched a telegram to the president of the federation's local at strife-torn Cripple Creek, county seat of Teller County, suggesting a lawyer be sent to defend Orchard since the union also was accused.

About the time Big Bill dispatched his telegram, a portly, gray-haired, walrus-mustached man of sixty boarded an Idaho-bound train in Denver. He was James McParland, chief of the Denver office of Pinkerton's National Detective Agency. He was a fabled figure, for it was he who had insinuated himself into the ranks of the "Molly Maquires" in the Pennsylvania coal fields in 1878 and gathered evidence which sent more than a dozen men to the gallows and ended trouble in the pits.

Haywood received his answer from Cripple Creek a few hours later: "To hell with Orchard. He is a rat. We need every penny of the defense fund to fight the mine owners here." Big Bill then sent a federation lawyer to Caldwell on his own authority.

"We've got to fight this case whether we like it or not," he declared for publication. "Harry Orchard is a tool all right—a tool of the mine owners to brand the federation with murder." Big Bill did not know that James McParland was already on his way to Idaho.

Just who sent for McParland has never been made public, but he was met at the Union Pacific station in Boise by Justice E. C. Stockslager of the Idaho Supreme Court. The justice took him at once to confer with Governor Frank Gooding. He emerged from the governor's office with full authority to take over the Steunenberg murder investigation.

Three days after McParland's arrival, Harry Orchard was taken from the Canyon County jail and placed in a cell in death row at the state prison just outside Boise. For nine days, the little man lay in the death cell. All the legal processes of Idaho seemed to have gone awry. In his mind's eye, he saw the scaffold, with his own neck in the noose. No one spoke to him; no one gave him any indication that a lawyer had come to defend him or even that he was to receive a trial. On the tenth day Warden Whitney led Orchard to a prison room where sat McParland reading a Bible through gold-rimmed spectacles. McParland talked long and sympathetically with the prisoner. He told Orchard that he would be removed from the death cell and allowed exercise and books to read.

Orchard recognized the famous detective, but he was suspicious.

"Why are you interested in me?" he demanded.

"You are only the tool of someone else," replied McParland. "Hanging you will be of little use if the others go unpunished."

Then, as Orchard related later in his *Confessions and Autobiography:*

> He started in on my belief in the hereafter and spoke of what an awful thing it was to live and die a sinful life and that every man ought to repent for his sins and that there was no sin that God would not forgive. He spoke of King David being a murderer, and also the Apostle Paul. He also told me of some cases where men had turned state's evidence and that when the state had used them for a witness they did not or could not prosecute them. He said that men might be thousands of miles away from where a murder took place and be guilty of that murder and be charged with conspiracy and that the man who committed the murder was not as guilty as the conspirators. He further said that he was satisfied that I had only been used as a tool, and he was sure the Western Federation of Miners was behind this.

McParland talked to the cringing Orchard for three hours that afternoon. Then Orchard was moved to a sunny cottage outside the prison proper. Each day the great detective returned to read from his Bible and tell stories of men who had saved themselves by turning informer.

On January 27, Orchard began his confession. It took him three days to recount a most extraordinary life of crime. Except for the naming of Jack Simpkins and Steve Adams as accomplices, both Western Federation

of Miners members, what he confessed was kept secret.

Three weeks elapsed.

On the evening of Saturday, February 17, Charles E. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, left a Burlington train in a Denver station on his return from addressing a miners' meeting. Two Colorado officers suddenly stepped up beside him.

"Come with us," they ordered.

At the same time, two other officers entered the home of George Pettibone, Denver businessman, former federation member and close friend of the mine union's leaders, and placed him under arrest. Still others arrested William Dudley Haywood in a rooming house near the federation headquarters. The three prisoners were taken to the station and placed under guard aboard a special Union Pacific train. The train reached Boise Monday morning. Haywood, Moyer, and Pettibone were placed in separate cells in the state prison.

The next day, parts of Orchard's confession were given to the press. It went far beyond the Steunenberg murder. It admitted a string of killings and attempted killings, and it said they were done on hire for Moyer, Pettibone, and Haywood.

The "kidnaping" of the three Coloradoans provoked screams of protest from labor unions, liberal portions of the press, and many alarmed citizens. But the federation's attorney, who had gone to Idaho to defend Orchard and had never even spoken with him, likewise was denied permission to see Haywood, Moyer, and Pettibone.

On February 20, Steve Adams, one of the two miners Orchard had named, was arrested at Haines, Oregon, in Sheriff Baker's jurisdiction. He was taken to Boise, placed in the state prison, and allowed no visitor for five days except Harry Orchard. Then he was taken to see McParland. He signed a confession—not of the Steunenberg killing but of other crimes in which Orchard had implicated him. Then he, too, was given a special room and special prison privileges. The second miner named by Orchard, Jack Simpkins, was never arrested. In announcing Adams' confession, Governor Gooding declared, "With the evidence we now have, the federation officers will never leave Idaho alive." Haywood, Moyer, and Pettibone were arraigned immediately after Adams confessed. Haywood, with his first chance to talk with attorneys, told them, "Send for Darrow."

Clarence Darrow, at forty-eight, was already "the Great Defender." He had cast his lot with that of militant labor when he resigned as counsel for the Chicago & North Western Railroad to defend Eugene V. Debs and the American Railway Union against criminal conspiracy charges arising from the Pullman boycott of 1894 and its resultant violence. He headed now for a new area in the Far West.

Darrow saw that Steve Adams' confession must be the key to the prosecution's case. Whatever Orchard had told would require corroboration. So Darrow hastened to North Idaho and induced Adams' uncle, James Lillard, to go to Boise and talk with his nephew. Adams repudiated his confession on assurance by Darrow, through Lillard, that if he did so he could not be convicted. Promptly he was whisked to Wallace in the Idaho panhandle for trial on a charge of killing a claim jumper. Darrow went there to defend him. The trial ended with a hung jury.

Meanwhile, an all-star cast had been completed for the impending trials of the three Western Federation of Miners figures: James Hawley, a former governor of Idaho, was placed in charge of the prosection; Senator-elect William Edgar Borah was named special prosecutor; Darrow was associated for the defense with E. F. Richardson of Denver, famous throughout the West as a skillful and potent defense lawyer.

A variety of rumors floated about Boise, one of which was that Darrow had posted marksmen to pick off Orchard, Borah, and Hawley on their way to court. Hawley, hearing this, retorted that "the second man shot will be Clarence Darrow."

President Theodore Roosevelt, in a letter that became public, said that whether guilty or not, Haywood, Moyer, and Pettibone were "undesirable citizens." Eugene V. Debs, by then editing the *Appeal to Reason*, red-headlined weekly newspaper of the American left, had hundreds of thousands of lapel buttons printed with "I Am an Undesirable Citizen." They blossomed in the lapels of unionists, socialists, liberal professors—and plain-dirt farmers.

On May 9, 1907, more than sixteen months after the murder, Haywood left the Ada County jail in Boise, where he had been transferred from the state prison, to be the first of those accused to stand trial for the murder of Steunenberg.

It took four weeks to select a jury, and on June 5, Harry Orchard was put on the stand to tell his story. He

testified that his name was neither Orchard, Hogan, Dempsey, nor any of several others he had used in the western United States, but Albert E. Horsley. He had been born in Canada. He told of his boyhood there as a son of "poor but honest" parents. He told of how he got control of a cheese factory and short-weighted the farmers on their milk to increase his profits; of how he burned the factory to collect the insurance; of how he deserted his wife and six-month-old baby to run off with another woman, then left her destitute to bigamously marry a third.

He related going to Burke, Idaho, in 1896, becoming a miner and joining the Western Federation. He participated, he testified, in blowing up the Bunker Hill & Sullivan mill. He planted a bomb in the Vindicator mine in Colorado's Cripple Creek district, killing two watchmen. He murdered a deputy sheriff in Denver. He blew up the Independence depot, killing thirteen. He set a bomb to blow up a mining engineer named Fred Bradley in the latter's apartment in San Francisco. He tried—but failed—to assassinate the governor of Colorado, the chief justice of the Colorado Supreme Court, another judge, and the president of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company. And he set the bomb for ex-Governor Steunenberg. All these bombings, murders, and attempted murders, he testified, were instigated by the Western Federation of Miners and paid for by Haywood or Pettibone.

There were other killings, too, which he related as freely, that he said he had carried out "on his own." All told, he had killed twenty-six men according to his own story on the stand.

He told how he had held one-sixteenth interest in the Hercules mine in the Coeur d'Alene and had been forced to sell to a partner for a pittance because of the trouble there. Later the mine made a great fortune. He told of visiting one of his former partners, Paulsen, and dandling Paulsen's little son on his knee while he tried to plot a way to kidnap the child and get back some of the money he felt should have been his. He spent three days on the stand telling his story. The prosecution then produced more than four-score witnesses to substantiate bits and pieces of it.

Then the defense attempted to (1) prove Orchard a liar, (2) show that the case against Haywood, Pettibone, and Moyer was a frame-up by mine owners to break the Western Federation, and (3) demonstrate that the corroborating witnesses called by the prosecution had not of-

Clarence Darrow was already "the Great Defender."

fered adequate substantiation of Orchard's testimony. The matter of independent corroboration of Orchard's story was a particularly crucial one, for under many commonly accepted judicial precedents a murder conviction could not be obtained by the uncorroborated testimony of an alleged accomplice.

Attempts to prove Orchard a liar by his own statements proved unavailing. He withstood three days of grilling cross-examination by most skillful lawyers and varied his story not a jot. He was the smiling hired killer, unruffled, unangered—a master workman at the trade of murder for hire.

Some of the supporting witnesses, however, did not fare so well. Expert cross-examination by the defense lawyers revealed numerous inconsistencies in the testimony of many of the prosecution witnesses. Defense Attorney Richardson hammered away on the theme that a man cannot be convicted on the testimony of an accomplice unless that testimony is confirmed by inde-

Senator-elect William E. Borah was special prosecutor.

pendent corroboration. He cited dozens of precedents in support of this interpretation of the law. The defense paraded to the stand a long train of witnesses of its own in attempt to disprove in detail the mammoth structure of incrimination erected around the hulking figure of one-eyed Big Bill Haywood.

Orchard declared he was "telling all" because he had repented due to the fact that "God in His love and mercy invited me to come over to His side." Defense Attorney Richardson retorted that he had concocted a story to save his own neck and slip the noose around Haywood's.

The charge against Haywood was conspiracy to murder Frank Steunenberg. The prosecution claimed Big Bill had paid Harry Orchard $300 for the job. Despite attempts to corroborate this, in the end it remained Orchard's word against Haywood's.

The trial dragged on until July 28. Darrow made the closing speech to the jury where he was at his masterful best. On trial, claimed Darrow, was not only Big Bill Haywood but also the system by which the working class was oppressed and exploited by capital. Haywood threatened the system, said Darrow, so the system had decreed that Haywood must die. The real killer, Harry Orchard, was being used as the tool to bring about his death. Shirtsleeved in the hot courtroom, one thumb hooked under a suspender, Darrow told the twelve Canyon County jurors—many of them not unlike those plain farmers who wore "I am an Undesirable Citizen" buttons:

> If twelve jurors could take away the life of a human being because a man like Orchard pointed his finger at him to save his own life, then I would say that human life would be safer in the hands of Harry Orchard than in the hands of a jury that would do it.

He challenged the jury to hang Haywood, or find him not guilty. There could be no compromise. He closed his oration by telling the jurors that thousands of men who labored and suffered, thousands of women and children weary and worn "will kneel tonight and ask their God to guide your hearts."

William E. Borah summed up for the prosecution. The charge, he reminded the jury, was murder, the murder of former Governor Steunenberg. But there was indeed a larger issue: the menace of anarchy as represented by the Western Federation of Miners. He masterfully marshalled the evidence that it existed. The last word lay with Judge Fremont Wood in his instructions to the jury, and one thing the judge included stripped away much of the oratory on both sides.

"Gentlemen," Judge Wood reminded them, "under the statutes of this state, a person cannot be convicted of a crime upon testimony of an accomplice, unless such accomplice is corroborated by other evidence."

That left the issue plain: had the State of Idaho corroborated Harry Orchard's claim that William D. Haywood hired him to kill Steunenberg?

The jury took the case at eight o'clock at night. Twelve hours later it returned its verdict: not guilty. Though the audience in the courtroom cheered when the verdict was pronounced, many conservative Idahoans angrily castigated Judge Wood for his instructions to the Haywood jury. Without the judge's insistence that the jury disregard the uncorroborated portions of Orchard's testimony, Haywood, they maintained, would

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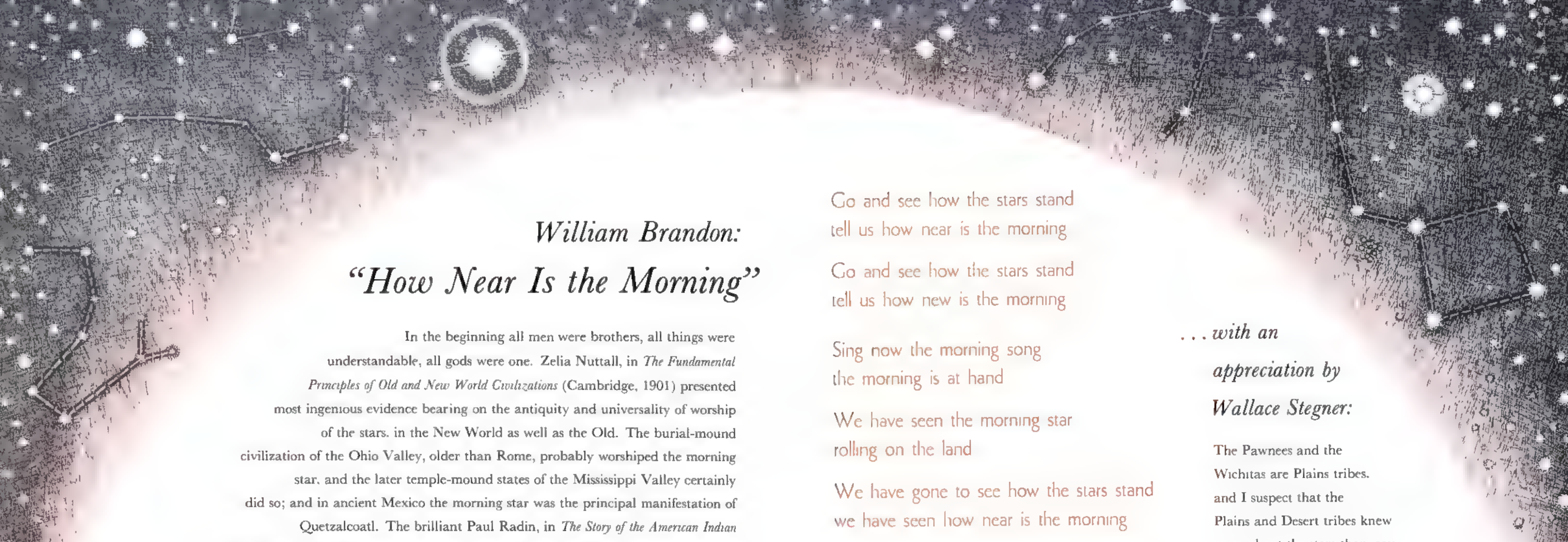


ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARTIN PURDY

William Brandon:

"How Near Is the Morning"

In the beginning all men were brothers, all things were understandable, all gods were one. Zelia Nuttall, in *The Fundamental Principles of Old and New World Civilizations* (Cambridge, 1901) presented most ingenious evidence bearing on the antiquity and universality of worship of the stars. in the New World as well as the Old. The burial-mound civilization of the Ohio Valley, older than Rome, probably worshiped the morning star, and the later temple-mound states of the Mississippi Valley certainly did so; and in ancient Mexico the morning star was the principal manifestation of Quetzalcoatl. The brilliant Paul Radin, in *The Story of the American Indian* (New York, 1934), sketched the role of the stars in the life of the Pawnees, inheritors of some of the remnants of the poetical, mystical, temple-mound world. The position of the Pawnee villages in regard to each other, for example, was "as a reflected picture of the stars in the heavens," and the annual round of religious ceremonies ended with the gravest of rituals — human sacrifice among some Pawnee groups — dedicated to the morning star.

The people known to the first Spanish explorers as the Quiviras and to us as the Wichitas were relatives of the Pawnees; early French traders sometimes called them the "Panis Piqués" in reference to their lavish tattooing. They were given a predawn glimpse of a coming new day with Coronado's visit in the summer of 1541. The Wichita grass-hut villages were then in central Kansas, and the population of the Wichita Confederacy totaled some thousands. In the nineteenth century a few hundred survivors were settled on a reservation in Caddo County, Oklahoma; it was apparently during this period that the Wichita Deer Society, a soldier society that celebrated the closing of the year with an autumn ritual died out.

Mark Evart, the son of a Deer Society dancer, remembered one of the songs for the ethnologist and musicologist, Frances Densmore, from whose *Pawnee Music* (Washington, 1929) it is here freely adapted:

Go and see how the stars stand
tell us how near is the morning

Go and see how the stars stand
tell us how new is the morning

Sing now the morning song
the morning is at hand

We have seen the morning star
rolling on the land

We have gone to see how the stars stand
we have seen how near is the morning

We have been to see how the stars stand
we have seen how new is the morning

We have seen the morning star
rolling on the land

We have seen the morning star
rising from the land

Watching for the break of day
watching for the new born day

Singing of the break of day
singing of the new born day

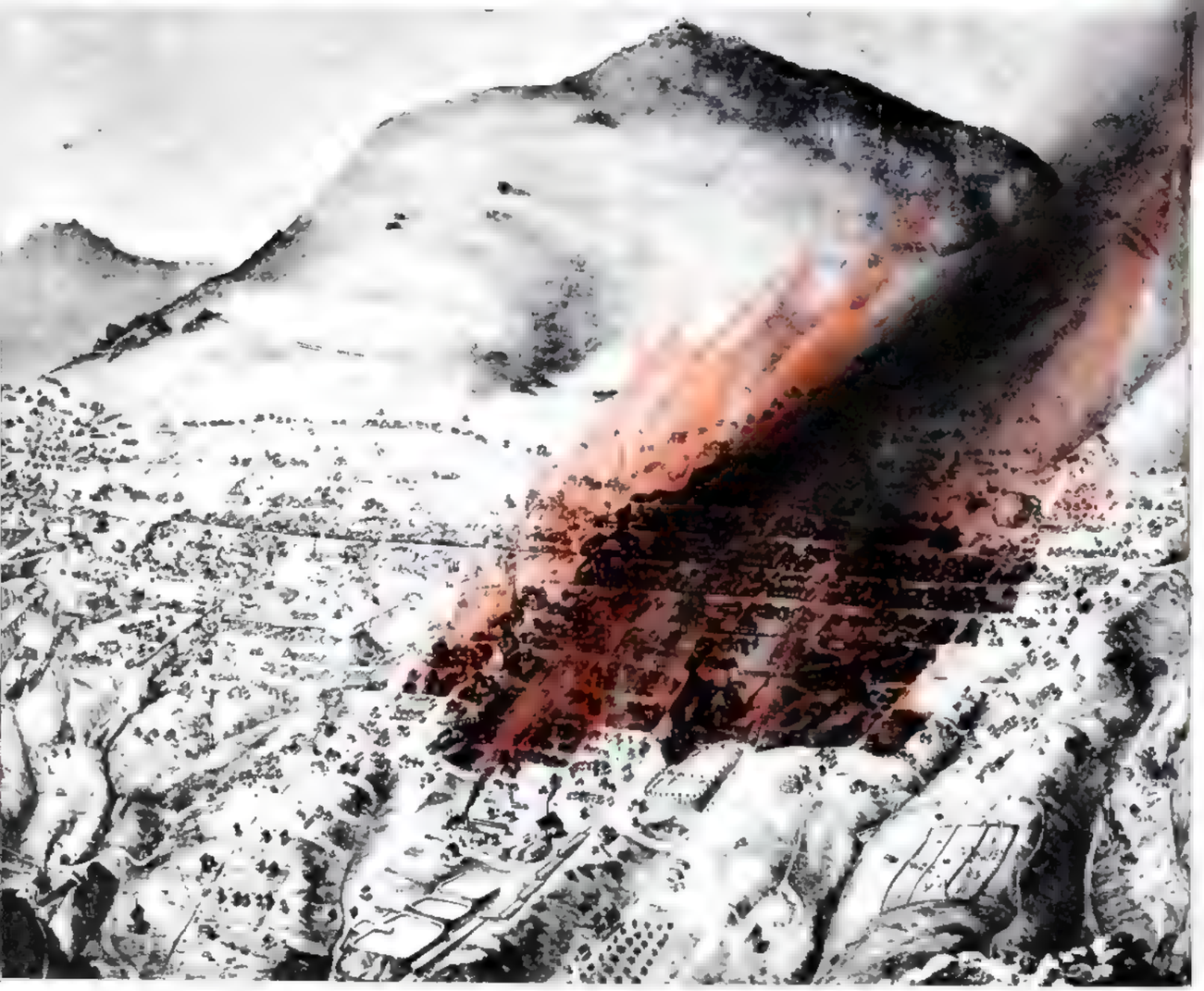
"SONG TO THE MORNING STAR"
OF THE WICHITA DEER SOCIETY

. . . with an appreciation by Wallace Stegner:

The Pawnees and the
Wichitas are Plains tribes.
and I suspect that the
Plains and Desert tribes knew
more about the stars than, say,
the League of the Iroquois did.
In the plains or on the desert.
the stars are intimate, impressive,
constant through the night.
You can roll over in your blanket and
see how they have moved; on a sleepless
night you can circle the North Star with
the Big Dipper or Cassiopeia. or go
down and come up again with Venus.
The man who wrote this Wichita Deer Society
song was a plainsman; he was used to a sky
that came clear down to the edges, and he
knew the stars by the heavenful, not as
fugitive things netted in the leaves of trees

The Virginia City Fire of October 26, 1875

FIRE ON THE COMSTOCK!



BANCROFT LIBRARY

EDITED BY LEWIS ATHERTON

Letters, diaries and other manuscript accounts of earlier days frequently disappoint us by their failure to concentrate on significant or even colorful events. Then as now, rank-and-file commentators found it easier or more important in their scale of values to record the daily weather, personal ailments, and a calendar of their physical activities. Self-centered and circumscribed by petty routine, they complained rather than reflected, and thereby missed for themselves and future readers the greater significance of their times.

Fortunately, however, more perceptive or more zestful individuals also recorded the history of their day. Although many accounts by such people have been published, reader interest continues strong because they contain insights and descriptions which evoke for us the ideals and life of America's past. Gideon Anthony Hamilton's papers in the Huntington Library, San Marino, California, demonstrate the power to do exactly that on the part of some writers who received no literary acclaim during their lifetime.

Although Hamilton seems to have confined his writing to letters and an occasional communication sent to *Forest and Stream,* he possessed many of the qualities conducive to literary excellence. For one thing, he was familiar with much of the United States of his day. After a boyhood spent in Rhode Island, he migrated to the West Coast, where he served at various times as engineer in charge of milling machinery on the Comstock, engaged in agriculture, and then returned to engineering work in plants in the San Francisco area. Throughout his life he maintained a marked curiosity about his surroundings, both animate and inanimate. Birds and animals fascinated him, and he attemped to learn all he could about the varieties which he saw on his travels. People proved equally interesting to him, and he seems to have gotten along well with them. While farming for a time in the Mason Valley in Nevada, he served as a justice of the peace and was elected commissioner in Esmeralda County. Still later, while living in the San Francisco area, he spent considerable time interviewing a tramp as to his philosophy of life and his mode of living, and reported his findings in a letter to his friend S. Frank Dexter. Moreover, he had an interest in writing. Early in his correspondence with Dexter he expressed a distaste for mere transmittal of reports from newspapers, preferring instead to concentrate on a more creative approach. Although he occasionally commented that little had transpired of suitable importance for a letter, this never stalled him. While snowed-in for most of the winter at Virginia City in 1875, his contacts were decidedly limited, but he still produced a four-page letter concerned almost wholly with the killing of a wildcat in his hen roost. On another occasion he wrote a long letter devoted primarily to an account of a new fishing line. Such letters pleased him by taxing his ingenuity in the field of composition, but most often he found more significant things to discuss. Traveled, curious about people and things, fascinated with the written word, and possessing a better than average gift of expression, the most puzzling thing about his whole career is why he never seriously attempted professional writing

As youngsters, Hamilton and Dexter hunted ducks from sailboats near their native Pawtucket, Rhode Island. In keeping with family tradition, Dexter became manager of the Dexter Yarn Company, a firm established in 1820 and incorporated in 1880. Hamilton drifted west. If all had gone well with Dexter's business, he might have been less restless than he became after losing direct control of his company in the late seventies. As it was, he remembered all the more vividly that in deference to family wishes he had surrendered

an opportunity to accompany an expedition to the Amazon as a young man. Acceptance of an article by *Forest and Stream* on how to cook grebes must have been small recompense to him for having given up the earlier opportunity for adventure. At times, he questioned Hamilton about the possibility of transferring his activities to the West. In answering, Hamilton revealed considerable insight into conditions and opportunities on the two coasts. As for himself, he had seen prairie dog villages in the infant cattle town of Abilene, Kansas; hunted professionally in western Kansas; shot California quail, "with plumes like a Crusader"; made a journey across Costa Rica, and in general had been free to go where he liked. Although a skilled and successful engineer who could easily find jobs handling mining or other machinery, he obviously felt just a trifle embarrassed not having a white-collar position and for living in an area supposedly less cultured than Rhode Island. And yet, he loved the West. The resulting ambivalence made his account of relative opportunities on the two coasts all the more perceptive. In addition, Hamilton could vividly portray an event or a locality, as the letter of the fire demonstrates.

Mining towns were especially susceptible to fires, and most of them experienced a series of such catastrophes. Brought into being by boom conditions, built with little regard for fire protection, and lacking in adequate fire fighting facilities, such communities found it well nigh impossible to keep fires from spreading to the whole town. At the time of the fire here described, Virginia City had over twenty thousand residents and was at the height of her fame as a mining community. For a contemporary description of the town, its mines, and the fire itself, see William Wright (Dan De Quille), The Big Bonanza *(originally published at Hartford, Connecticut, 1876) New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1947. According to Wright, "This great fire was started in a low lodging-house kept by a woman known as 'Crazy Kate' — Kate Shea — by the breaking of a coal-oil lamp in a drunken row as is asserted by those who occupied the adjoining houses."*

The Gideon Anthony Hamilton Papers were acquired by the Huntington Library in 1961. They consist of some fifty letters written between 1874 and 1888 by Hamilton from various points in Nevada and California to his friend S. Frank Dexter in Rhode Island. Biographical data on Hamilton and Dexter is taken from information included in Hamilton's letters. The wording and spelling has been left exactly as it is in the originals, but the material has been broken into paragraphs and punctuation marks added at various places for ease of reading. Hamilton seems to have written rapidly and to have made few revisions in his sentences.

Illustrations through the courtesy of Howell-North Books and J. S. Holliday

Virginia, Nev., Nov. 10th 1875

Dear Friend Frank,

Your last was rec'd a few days ago and as I wish to give you a slight description of the fire here before the subject becomes stale I take the earliest opportunity to reply. But before touching upon that subject I send you and your wife congratulations upon the birth of your daughter for I presume that as you already had a son, one of the opposite sex exactly suited the desires of both.

That was a very successful trip you took after ducks in that little steamer, and either ducks are more plentiful, less wild, or steamer shooting is more successful than sailboat shooting for I used to take many a long trip in the latter down round Nargatt [Narragansett Bay?] and considered myself fortunate if I secured half a dozen of all kinds. Nothing suits me much better than wild duck and goose shooting, and if ever I get back there to locate (which I hope to some day) I shall make it a specialty. That poor fellow who jumped overboard to save his comrades a wetting was worthy of a better fate than to have it prove a failure.

And now for the fire. I was awakened early on the morning in question by the ringing of bells and the blowing of whistles that made me jump from my bed in a hurry, although I live nearly a mile from the business center and over a divide which hides it from my house. Going to the door I saw the thick black smoke come rolling over the hill, up which I hurried until I could command a view of the whole place. The fire was then just fairly getting underweigh and the firemen had abandoned all hopes of staying it by the

"I took a position above the town on the side of the mountain and sat watching the sad spectacle."

GRAHAME HARDY COLLECTION

The fire was then just [illegible]

ordinary methods. No rain had fallen for six months. Everything was like tinder, and the flames leaping high into the air caught from side to side of the street with incredible rapidity.

I took a position above the town on the side of the mountain and sat watching the sad spectacle for an hour, the bird's-eye position I occupied enabling me to see what was going on in every street at the same time. Thousands of persons were now fleeing to the bleak sage-clad cañons and gulches, bearing with them what slender portion of their goods they were able to snatch from destruction. The walls of the International Hotel, five stories high, came crashing down into the street, burying two men beneath the ruins. The Cal. bank building and a hardware establishment followed in rapid succession, while two large livery stables filled with hay shot up flames for an instant above the rest. The streets were filled with flying people, furniture brought out of the houses was burning on the sidewalk, drays and all kinds of carriages were driving at full speed towards the outskirts loaded with movables, loose horses from the stables were dashing madly to and fro seeking to escape, with the hair all burned from their backs, as

block after block of buildings went down, and the mighty mass of flame swept on with irresistible fury towards the great hoisting works and mill of the Ophir and Consolidate Virginia mines. These, up to this time, had attracted no special attention as it was not supposed the fire would reach them. Now, however, the danger they were in became apparent, and every effort was directed to save these, for they were worth more than all the rest of the town.

The immense works of both mines had been finished less than a month before, and the aggregate value of their property above ground and occupying an area only about 300 yds square was over two millions of dollars. Besides the destruction of these works would stop the extraction of an equal value of ore every month from the Con. Va alone. All hope now of saving anything between the fire and the mines

BANCROFT LIBRARY

[illegible] blown up in order to stop the mines

BEHRMAN COLLECTION

BANCROFT LIBRARY

[illegible] A: [illegible] B: [illegible] C: [illegible]

was abandoned — if these could be saved it was all they could hope for; and to accomplish it, giant powder, that terrible engine of destruction, was brought into action. House after house was blown to atoms as fast as the charges could be laid. I fixed my eyes upon one palatial residence three stories high with French roof and bow windows, the property of Samuel Curtis, Supt. of the Ophir mine; and while I was wondering whether or no that would be saved, it vanished from my gaze as a soap bubble vanishes — leaving nothing but empty air where it had stood three seconds before.

Between the fire and the mines ran the railroad track, covered with cars loaded with dry pine firewood and timbers for the shafts; while on the side nearest to the mines was the freight and passenger depots, two long wooden tressle works that support the rails to the hoisting works, and beyond these close to the works themselves was thousands of cords of wood and mining timber laid in as a winter's supply; while, as if to complete the train of combustibles, just on the fire side of the R. Rd. track was a large lumber yard that had already rec'd their winter's supply of lumber. No arrangement could have been made more admirably adapted to burn the works located at such a distance from the origin of the fire than was here found already prepared.

The wind, which had now increased to a gale, hurled the burning brands in a shower upon the lumber yard and R. Rd. track. Buildings could be blown up, but no power on earth could instantaneously remove the great masses of material of which I have spoken. The lumber yard caught, the cars loaded with wood followed, and the heat was so intense that the chilled cast-iron car wheels melted before it just as a piece of ice melts when it is dropped upon a hot

GRAHAME HARDY COLLECTION

Between the Ophir and the mines ran the railroad track covered with cars loaded with firewood and timbers.

Typical of the complex timber mine structures which [illegible]

WELLS FARGO

Miners going on shift on the Comstock Lode.

stove. The depot and freight houses came next, the tresle work and timbering in regular order, while some heroic spirits, still braving the blistering heat, held their own upon the roofs of the works, striving to the last in a hopeless struggle to keep the flying brands from igniting. All, all was in vain. The flames came tearing on with a front 200 yds. wide and 200 ft. high. A gust of wind from the mountain depressed them until they lapped over the whole roof of the Con. Va. hoisting works like an immense blanket. The men barely escaped with their lives, and the hoisting works and mill of the greatest mine the world ever saw, together with the Ophir and Mexican works all melted away like the "baseless fabric of a dream," leaving but holes in the ground over which those costly piles had stood.

The fire now began to subside from sheer want of material. There was nothing beyond to burn but the stunted sage on the barren hillsides, now covered with thousands of homeless and houseless people, many of whom had only saved the clothes upon their backs. Bleak Nov. was at hand and they had no

where to lay their heads. The four greatest mines on the Comstock Lode — the Mexican, Ophir, California, and Con. Va. — were of course shut down, throwing many hundreds of men out of employment, both in the mines and the mills that crushed the ore, the supply of which would now be stopped for at least two months or until they could get new machinery in position large enough to hoist from the 1600-foot level.

And yet, for all this, you heard hardly a wail of anguish go up from the weakest woman. Everyone began to make some arrangement for themselves. Little tents of blankets and sheets were pitched in sheltered places. A large school house in the suburbs was closed and each story and room filled with women and children. The fires were not done blazing when help began to arrive from the adjoining towns. A carload of provisions, blankets and clothing came up from Carson, and similar supplies from Gold Hill, Silver City and Dayton. Telegrams from Cal. announced that steps were being taken there to send immediate succor, and from every side came messages of condolence and sympathy.

Meanwhile the disasterous effects of the terrible calamity began to be felt in the stock market. The loss of the hoisting works, which would certainly cause the four ore-producing mines just mentioned to shut down for at least sixty days, brought the price of the stock down on the run, and, when the rumor (false though it was) began to be believed that the timbering of the shafts themselves were on fire, the bottom fell out of them entirely. Mexicon dropped

BANCROFT LIBRARY

Hardly a wail of anguish from the weakest woman, yet on the San Francisco stock market all was turmoil.

from 23 to 16, Ophir from 55 to 38, Cal from 65 to 53, and Con Va. from 317 to 240. Your correspondent was interested in the first three to the tune of $3500, and of course suffered just in proportion to the amount of stock he held, but fortunately was able to steer safely through without sacrificing a single share, and now not only considers himself out of danger but is contemplating taking advantage of the present depression of the market to load in a few shares more.

The recuperative qualities of a prosperous mining camp are something wonderful. On the afternoon of the day after the fire I was up town, and wherever the structures burned had been of the balloon-frame variety the ruins had cooled in the night and building had already begun. On the former site of a large, splendid though slight-built saloon called the "Delta" the walls of a board shanty (with cloth roof) about 30 by 40 ft. in area was already raised. One gang of men were battoning the outside and another gang was lining the inside walls with cloth, while a smoothly planed piece of board, hung up as a sign on the outside, had the words "Keno tonight" artistically painted on it with a marking pot. And the just-raised walls of a paint shop half a block away had a similar sign up informing the public that the shop would open the next morning with a "full and choice supply of paints, oils, glass, etc."

Well I must close abruptly dear friend Frank or I will run off of my sheet. Remember me to all of yours. Sending regards to all inquiring friends and hoping to hear from you when convenient, I remain Most Sincerely Yours, Anthony Hamilton.

Adios to a Free Man

BY JOE B. FRANTZ

J. Frank Dobie lay down for a nap on the afternoon of September 18, 1964, and never woke again. With his death an era ended in Texas life and letters. The American West, the United States, and a good bit of the reading and thinking world also, lost a man who left their world richer than he had found it.

In the obituaries one New York paper referred to him as a "Texas humorist." Nothing could have been further from the truth. J. Frank Dobie told some stories which were funny, but most of what he had to say was redolent of the soil from which he sprang, the air which he breathed, and the space which his squinting eyes perceived. His was a soaring life that ranged throughout literature and returned to the American West and to Texas only for specific instances of universal truths.

It is almost impossible to separate Dobie the writer from Dobie the man, or for that matter, from Dobie the legend. To aspiring writers and students he was the devoted and critical teacher. To his friends he was the profound talker who clothed his wisdom in figures drawn from simple men and from nature. To most intellectuals he was a fine folklorist, a teller of tales. To undiscriminating audiences he was the face of Texas rough-molded into one visage. To all men of pompous authority he was a maverick who needed to be brought into the herd. Your opinion of Dobie varied with the vantage point from which you either knew or viewed him.

Some of his detractors even said that he was no artist at all but just a man possessed of an uncommonly recollective mind who had the energy to put down the tales he had heard through his lifetime. Any chronicler could do the same if he would just get at it, they argued. He was, in their view, simply a teller of tales with some cute mannerisms that somehow made a personality out of him.

Some truth exists in all of these viewpoints. Frank Dobie could string out a simple tale longer than any man I have ever heard. But the marvel of it all was that whereas you and I would long since have exhausted and lost our audience, his stayed with him and enjoyed the silences while he searched for precise words or while he

circled the main thread of a story like one of his wary coyotes approaching a baited trap. In his white suit and with his unruly white hair, which he unconsciously emphasized by brushing as he talked,as if he were thinking with his hand, he was indeed a personality.

But personalities come and personalities go, and as they go they are remembered but shortly. But Dobie will be remembered, mainly for two contributions. He was the conscience of every Texas writer and many writers on western or nature subjects. And he was the preserver, not a collector, of the wit and wisdom of another age. No one will ever again write of that triumvirate of the lonely West—the mustang, the longhorn, or the coyote—without starting with Dobie. He understood animals and he understood men, and he knew how to intertwine the two so that together they revealed life in all its honesty, and in all its meanness, and in all its wonder.

Dobie was born on September 26, 1888, the oldest of six children, on a ranch owned by his parents in Live Oak County, Texas. The land is really Mexican country that is on the *gringo* side of the Rio Bravo. Dobie's parents instilled in the boy two enduring loves: the land and literature. The boy read and the boy worked, with Mexican *vaqueros* as his companions. Eventually he found his way to Southwestern University in Georgetown, Texas, and then on to Columbia University. After a short stint at the University of Texas where he taught English, Dobie resigned to manage a 250,000-acre ranch for his uncle Jim Dobie. The experience gave him the consciousness of his background which pointed the way his life would develop.

Despite its geographical spaciousness, ranch life was too confining for Dobie. As soon as economics permitted, he returned to the University of Texas and began editing publications for the Texas Folklore Society, which he served as secretary and editor for twenty years. Forty-one years old before he brought out his first real book, *A Vaquero of the Brush Country*, he would write eighteen books and edit a dozen more before he died, plus a whole host of pamphlets, magazine articles, introductions, and a weekly column which appeared in several Texas newspapers.

With the publication of *Coronado's Children*, which told of lost mines and buried treasures in the Southwest, Dobie became something of a national figure. From the appearance of *Coronado's Children* forward, Dobie was accepted by the men who looked for mines and treasure as the unimpeachable authority. Joe Small, publisher of *True West* and *Frontier Times*, says that whenever he publishes a treasure article by anyone else, he gets letters of dissent and correction from all over the world. But whenever he runs something by Frank Dobie on lost treasure, he never receives anything except complimentary correspondence. Apparently to Small's readers, if Dobie said it, then it must be correct. The appearance of his *Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver* nine years later merely clinched this regard.

Which of Dobie's books on animals was his favorite is impossible to decide. To date, *The Longhorns*, published in 1941, probably has had the greatest impact. One rather suspects that Dobie felt a greater affection for *The Voice of the Coyote* but at the same time that *The Mustangs* came nearer to being a sort of philosophical autobiography.

Sandwiched between these books was a World War II experience as a professor at Cambridge University in England. He left an imprint there which is still recalled twenty years later, and the Dobie legend is as rich in England as it is in the American West. When he left, his honorary M.A. degree from Cambridge read, among other things, *Petasatus inter togatas homines*, which as every westerner knows, is Latin for "sombrero wearer among the men with togas." His account of his experiences, *A Texan in England*, drew wide attention.

Appropriately Dobie's last book, *Cow People*, arrived at his home the morning before his death. He examined it, checked out the photograph of his father, and pronounced that he liked the book. His aim, as he had said in his introduction, "is to reveal human beings. . . . They represent vanished ways and a vanished tempo.

Yet no life of one time is alien to another time. Herodotus and Chaucer come nearer belonging to the present age than certain troglodytes in the United States Senate." He goes on to say that these people are real and no kin to the cowboys of popular fame who "have never known humanity, sucking calves, before-daylight freshness, evening shadows."

As a teacher Dobie was wont to tell his students that regional writing could be good only if the author had a thorough grounding in good literature and wide history. "I think it more important that a dweller in the Southwest read *The Trial and Death of Socrates* than all the books extant on killings by Billy the Kid. I think this dweller will fit his land better by understanding Thomas Jefferson's oath ('I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man') than by reading all the books that have been written on ranch lands and people." He sent his students to Wordsworth to get a feeling of "wise passiveness," and he asserted that there were no substitutes for nobility, beauty, and wisdom.

Dobie frequently got himself in bad relationships with professional Texans and westerners. Feeling that a man could become a successful regionalist only by outgrowing his regionalism, Dobie once called Texans the only race of people "known to anthropologists who do not depend upon breeding for propagation. Like princes and lords, they can be made by 'breath,' plus a big white hat—which comparatively few Texans wear. . . . A writer —a regional writer, if that term means anything—will, whenever he matures, exercise a critical faculty. I mean in the Matthew Arnold sense of appraisal rather than of praise, or for that matter, of absolute condemnation. Understanding and sympathy are not eulogy. Mere glorification is on the same intellectual level as silver tongues and juke box music."

Dobie talked about the intellectual, pointing out that in using the word, "one lays himself liable to accusation of having forsaken democracy. For all that, 'fundamental brainwork' is behind every respect-worthy piece of writing, whether it be a lightsome lyric that seems as careless as a redbird's flit or a formal epic, an impressionistic essay or a great novel that measures the depth of human destiny. Nonintellectual literature is as nonexistent as education without mental discipline, or as 'character building' in a school that is slovenly in scholarship. . . . Genuine civilization is always informed by intellect. . . . If American democracy is preserved, it will be preserved by thought and not by physics."

Statements like these and statements aimed more directly at specific abuses or at what Dobie considered asinine behavior frequently led Dobie into trouble with the university administration, not to mention many politicians and civic leaders. He refused to get a Ph.D., and said that he learned more from Santos Cortez, a Mexican goat herder, "than any Ph.D. I ever studied under." Eventually his periodic conflicts reached a climax when Dobie left—or was dismissed from—the university in 1947. The parting was over his refusal to conform to a new rule on leaves of absence, but it was provoked by such statements as the one in which he condemned the "fascist-minded regents, oil millionaires, corporation lawyers and others who make an anachronistic rage against liberal thought, malign all liberals as Communists, try with physical power to wall out ideas, and resort to chicanery."

Without being the least pretentious, Dobie had a way of speaking in pithy aphorisms:

"I damned sure would rather hear a coyote bark than anything I have heard on another man's radio."

"I believe in letting the world go to hell in its own way."

"The lies I tell are authentic lies."

"All the public school superintendents and a great many college presidents hold degrees in education. . . . They are Johnny-on-the-spot with Rotary Club optimism, football teamwork, dedication-to-America, and such as that. Despite their degrees and positions they are puerile minded. Nearly all of them are stuffed with religiosity—which is not religion."

"I am called a folklorist, but I care little about scientific folklore. I have done hard research on range history, but I care more for the beautiful than for facts."

"If you are going to ask God to bless anything—and few of us are popes so that we can be sure that He is going to follow directions—I'd say bless what Mark Twain called 'the damned human race.' "

"The whole doggone world—except the primitive people—has quit story telling because we are all so obsessed with problems and propaganda."

"There is nothing duller than praise. There is nothing stupider than eulogy."

"We used to be taught that mankind descended from paradise but I don't want to go back to the Garden of Eden. I prefer the sidewalks of New York."

"The best thing I've ever been drunk on is life. Here's to it."

"The College of Education is the chief department of ignorance filled with damned imposters."

"The sounds of nature are pleasing to me; sounds made by machines are not."

"I'm a pagan, I'm not a good pagan because I don't have any gods, but I'm a pagan."

"Now you have to think to live—that's not natural for people. The horse and buggy had a comfortable tempo—it suited the land of hot sun and lonely shadows."

Just before he died Dobie was awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom by President Lyndon B. Johnson. For a man who had always abhorred censorship and who had written "not one censor in history is respected by an enlightened man of any nation," Dobie stood four-square for freedom of the mind. He fought textbook censorship, he fought religious censorship, and he fought falseness wherever he found it. Dobie especially liked the cowboy because he lived alone and he took time to feel.

So Frank Dobie goes. He was a stray and a defender of strays. He said bluntly what he had to say, but never talked down to anyone in his life. He sought truth.

No better epitaph for J. Frank Dobie could be written than the poem he himself wrote at the close of his book on his beloved mustangs. It is a paean to freedom that appropriately was read at the funeral service held on the campus of the University of Texas which he served so well and so stormily. Here is Dobie unconsciously writing his own autobiography: "Gazing in solitude over the foothills, desert, prairie or brushed plain, one may through the transporting power of imagination see wild horses tossing their heads where no track of their kind has been printed for many decades. But it will not be gentle horses ranging there, no matter how spirited, that raise the picture of the vanquished. The gentle ones never emanate that something which was the essence of the wild ones, just as no girl after she has lost her innocence ever looks the same in her eyes."

I see them running, running, running
From the Spanish caballadas to be free,
From the mustanger's rope and rifle, to keep free,
Over seas of pristine grass, like fire-dancers on a mountain,
Like lightning playing against the unapproachable horizon.

I see them standing, standing, standing,
Sentinels of alertness in eye and nostril,
Every toss of maned neck a Grecian grace,
Every high snort bugling out the pride of the free.

I see them vanishing, vanishing, vanished,
The seas of grass shriveled to pens of barb-wired property,
The wind-racers and wind-drinkers bred into property also.

But winds still blow free and grass still greens,
And the core of that something which men live on believing
Is always freedom.

So sometimes yet, in the realities of silence and solitude,
For a few people unhampered a while by things,
The mustangs walk out with dawn, stand high, then
Sweep away, wild with sheer life, and free, free, free—
Free of all confines of time and flesh.

The Devil's Hat Band

"The man who invented barbed wire should have it wound around him in a ball and the ball rolled into hell"

PHOTOGRAPH BORG ANDERSON

BY LOULA GRACE ERDMAN

Mr. Joseph Farwell Glidden was mending fence on his farm one mile west of De Kalb, Illinois. It was not the first time he had been obliged to undertake this chore, nor, he was sure, would it be the last. Stock, especially cattle, seemed to take malicious delight in tearing down his wire fence. They pressed their weight against it, trying to get into adjoining fields of grain; they rubbed itching backs along it, breaking it as easily as a child snaps a piece of thread. Sometimes a man lost heart and thought he might as well let it go unmended.

But farmers had to have fences of one sort or another. Always they built them wherever they went, using materials at hand. The stone walls of New England gave way to the rail fences of the frontier. Later some land owners experimented with *bois d'arc*, called simply, "hedge," but this grew too slowly to be practical. This latest innovation, smooth galvanized wire attached to wooden posts, was at first hailed as the answer to the farmers' prayers. Actually, it proved less than satisfactory, snapping in the cold, sagging in the heat, and restraining no stock that had a mind to break through. Besides, it was expensive.

Two years before in 1871, the Department of Agriculture had issued a statement saying the cost of fencing in the United States was close to the amount of the national debt. "For every dollar invested in live stock," the report continued, "another dollar is required to resist their attacks on farm production."

A farmer himself, Mr. Glidden knew the marks of a good fence. He had been born on a farm in New Hampshire in 1813. When he was a year old, his parents moved to another farm, this time in New York. In 1843, married and with a family of his own, he purchased a claim of six hundred acres near De Kalb, Illinois, and moved there. He was as anxious as any man to find the right kind of fence for his land.

He held the length of smooth wire in his hand now, regarding it with disfavor, considering both his own problem and the larger one of the nation. A few staples, pulled from the post to which they had been attached, clung to the wire. One of them pricked his hand. And suddenly an idea began to crystallize.

How was he to know, standing there holding the length of broken wire, that his idea would be instrumental in changing the face of America. Because of him, the cattle industry would be revolutionized, homesteaders would push westward, railroads would web across the continent. Fortunes would be made—and sometimes lost. Range wars would be fought and blood would spill. Legislatures would swing into action in order to regulate the use of his invention, and towns would spring up where now vast empty spaces stretched out.

His idea was a practical way to make barbed wire.

He knew quite well that he was not the first to have a try at making barbed wire. Already by 1873 a long list of patents had been issued, the first in 1801. Although differing in design, all had one weakness in common: the wire must be slowly and laboriously produced by hand. The smashing difference in Glidden's product was that he thought he had hit upon a way to turn it out by machinery. The principles of mass production applied to the production of barbed wire would make it available to all who wanted it, at a price they could afford to pay.

Having seen the vision, Glidden set about putting it into effect. Throughout the winter of 1873–74, he and a farm hand worked evenings in the Glidden kitchen. Bits of wire were run through an old-fashioned coffee mill geared up by the local blacksmith according to Glidden's instructions. The pieces emerged, the twisted ends pointing in opposite directions with a small open "eye" in the middle. These bits were strung upon a length of straight wire and then entwined with another matching piece, a procedure accomplished with the help of a grindstone crank. Mrs. Glidden herself assisted in this part of the experiment.

The result was, essentially, the barbed wire in use today—two longitudinal wires twisted into a cable with barbs set at intervals. Rare indeed is the invention whose first form is ready for commercial development, capable of withstanding rival claims which inevitably lie ahead. That Glidden's wire was able to stand this test was a triumph in itself.

When spring came, the entire operation was shifted outside, and work went on without ceasing. Naturally, Glidden's great hope was to obtain a patent on his invention. He kept trying.

In the meantime a man named Isaac Ellwood of nearby De Kalb was keeping an eye on Glidden's work. Ellwood was himself trying to produce an effective barbed wire, and in February of that same winter had been granted a patent. Hearing of Glidden's product, he went over to check for himself. With generosity scarcely to be expected from a rival, he conceded that Glidden's method, as well as his wire, was better than his own. Unwilling, however, to relinquish his product, he proposed a partnership to which Glidden agreed. The two men drew up the papers, and for $265 Ellwood bought a half interest in Glidden's business. The next morning Glidden boarded a train bound for Washington, there to make another application for a patent.

This time Glidden met with success. On November 24, 1874, his patent—number 157,124—was granted. Actually, it was allowed on practically the original terms. He came back to De Kalb, and the firm of Glidden and Ellwood (the Barb Fence Company) was in business. The factory was moved to a small building in De Kalb and production began.

In this venture, the greatest ingenuity was practiced. Two boys climbed to the tower of a nearby windmill, one carrying a bucket of barbs, the other, two lengths of wire. The barbs were threaded on the wire and then turned loose. When enough barbs had slipped down, the wires were taken into the factory, the barbs spaced, and the wires twisted by machinery in such a way as to hold the barbs in place. Up to the top of the windmill the boys scrambled again to repeat the process.

The first factory-made wire was sold that same year, 1874. Mass production could, and did, overcome one of the greatest objections to wire fencing—its expense. Other factors also favored the enterprise. In England, Bessemer had been at work on his steel conversion process, and by 1870 the finished product was available for wire drawing in the United States. Here was a substance for the making of barbed wire—tough, less susceptible to temperature changes, durable, lending itself to better manufacturing processes. The old galvanized wire with its many disadvantages need no longer be used.

Meanwhile in America, Ichabod Washburn, of the

firm of Washburn and Moen of Worcester, Massachusetts, had developed a process for continuous wire drawing, annealing, and tempering, a vast improvement over the old hand method which had been in use since biblical times. Word came to him of this factory in De Kalb which, so the stories went, was revolutionizing the making of barbed wire. He decided to go out and have a look for himself, and, if the method proved as good as reported, attempt to buy out the inventor. On his first trip in February 1876, he was unsuccessful. In May of that same year he made another try, this time meeting with better luck. He bought Glidden's interest on both patent and business for $60,000 cash and a promise of royalty of twenty-five cents per one hundred pounds on all barbed wire manufactured. (Later this was reduced to twelve and one-half cents.) Ellwood decided to retain his interest, becoming a partner of Washburn and Moen. Recognizing Glidden's contribution, the firm continued to market its product under the trade name of "Glidden's Barb Wire."

The agricultural states of the Middle West accepted the improved product with so much enthusiasm that by 1879 five states and one territory found it necessary to enact laws relating to its use.

The Civil War was over, the gold rush in California had settled down to a steady business, and homesteaders began to push westward, bringing the wire with them. Walter Prescott Webb, the eminent historian, says,

> It was barbed wire, and not railroads or the homestead law that made it possible for the farmers to resume, or at least accelerate, their march across the prairies onto the plains. . . . The invention of barbed wire revolutionized land values and opened up to the homesteader the fertile Prairie Plains, now the most valuable agricultural land in the United States.

Before long the once empty land was dotted with homesteaders, each one's claim set off by a barbed wire fence and, if he were lucky, marked by a windmill whirring.

With such a promising market opening up, the firm of Washburn and Moen decided, after the fashion of good businessmen, that it was time to start advertising. On December 30, 1879, an ad appeared in the Galveston *News* saying that Sanborn and Warner were the general agents in Illinois and the neighboring states, and the sole agents in Texas, for Glidden's Patent Barb Wire Fence. The main office was located in Houston, with branch offices at Dallas and Sherman. The factory, according to the advertising, employed seventy workers, had a capacity of five tons a day, and had already sold "over 100,000 pounds" at eighteen cents per pound at the factory. Later this price was lowered to thirteen cents.

The very success of the firm invited rivals. Litigation started as early as 1876, initiated by those who felt their patents should be recognized. Washburn and Moen bought out such as seemed legitimate. But dissention continued until 1878 when the government ruled that licenses must be obtained for making barbed wire, and set a price of not less than ten cents a pound. Even so, "moonshining"—making the product illegally—was widespread. Washburn and Moen again took the initiative, sending out men to inform dealers about licensed wire and distributing circulars calling the attention of dealers to the liabilities inherent in selling unlicensed wire. Price cutting entered the picture for a while, but that proved its own undoing, running the offending merchants out of business. Eventually, the price was set at ten cents, with a discount of one-half to five-eighths cents on large orders. Single strand might be sold for one cent less per pound than could two or more strand.

Although Glidden had sold out his interest, his influence was still strong. Not only did the fence bear his name but men close to him became salesmen for it. Henry Sanborn, who was to sell the product in Texas, was Glidden's friend and protégé. Having early been indoctrinated by Glidden as to the advantages of barbed wire, he proved an excellent salesman, and it was he who sold the first ten reels in Texas to a Gainesville merchant. Much impressed with Texas—the cheapness and fertility of the land, the vast amount as yet undeveloped—Sanborn began buying holdings for himself. Eventually he came to the Panhandle of Texas, as yet almost entirely ranch country, and stayed on to found the town of Amarillo. From this location, he continued to spread the doctrine of barbed wire.

At best, however, it was not easy to sell this new product. Each man had to be persuaded that barbed wire was practical or even desirable. One of the salesmen, "Bet-A-Million" Gates, devised an unusual test in San Antonio, Texas, where, since this was the home of many ranches, the resistance was especially strong. He had the added disadvantage of hitting town at a time when the cattlemen were holding a convention.

UNITED STATES STEEL

UNITED STATES STEEL

Joseph L. Glidden (above) and Isaac L. Ellwood (below) formed a partnership for the production of barbed wire

Instead of discouraging Gates, this fact became a challenge he felt called upon to meet. Accordingly, he built a corral of barbed wire on the plaza facing the headquarters hotel and put into it a small herd of the wildest longhorns he could rope. The animals took one look at the wire, snorted, and charged. Even their tough hides were not proof against the pricks. They drew back, shaking their wicked horns in pain, unbelief, and frustration. They rested, gained strength and charged again, only to be turned back once more. Time after time they did this, always without success and, on their part, a visible loss of enthusiasm. Finally these wild ones, unused to defeat as they were, gave up and stayed behind their enclosure, meek as any tame cows.

The cattlemen were impressed. Though still reticent, they had to admit the barbed wire did hold the longhorns. Some orders were placed forthwith, but this did not mean the future of barbed wire in Texas was automatically insured. Each region, each set of dealers, would have to be won over individually. Complete acceptance was a long way off.

Perhaps the strongest resistance came from the ranchers. The cattle industry had appropriated most of the suitable range in the Great Plains and Rocky Mountain grasslands, and it was free, or open range—unfenced. Control was through appropriation in the sense of first come, first use.

A large triangle of land, including most of Texas lying west of the one-hundredth meridian, together with western Kansas, most of New Mexico and Wyoming, was strictly cattle country at the time of Glidden's invention. True, the cattle were, for the most part, longhorns—wild and cunning as the lobos that preyed upon them. Twice a year these cattle, lean as greyhounds and tough as shoeleather, were herded together by cowboys, branded, and sent off to market or left on the range. As the cowboys took the herds to market, driving them up the Chisholm and other famous trails, they sang their plaintive songs as they rode—"Git along, little Dogie," and "Bury me not on the lone prairie." The herds were pointed toward Sedalia and St. Joseph, Missouri, and later to Abilene, Kansas—the closest point to which the railroads had come. Nowhere during the long drive was there a barbed wire fence to block the way. At the shipping point, the cattle were loaded on

freight trains and sent to Chicago to market. In fifteen years, over four million cattle from Texas alone reached the Chicago stockyards.

Now, because of Glidden and his barbed wire, these drives up the trail—perhaps the very cattle industry itself—seemed threatened with extinction. The nesters would descend upon the rangeland like locusts, each one fencing off his section with barbed wire, breaking up the range and maybe even shutting off the vital water supply. "Bob wire" the ranchers called it, slurring the syllables contemptuously. Said one rancher, "The man who invented barbed wire should have it wound around him in a ball and the ball rolled into hell."

And then there was an opening wedge in the very heart of the resistance, the ranches themselves. William A. Bush, Glidden's son-in-law, influenced, among other things, by Sanborn's favorable report on the Texas Panhandle, went out to have a look for himself and decided to buy ninety-five sections of land north of the present site of Amarillo. Here he established the Frying Pan Ranch and set about fencing it with Glidden's wire, which was freighted from Dodge City at a cost of $40,000. Records, which could be open to question, say this was the first time a ranch was fenced, but to this day some of the wire used is still standing, attached to the original posts.

These posts came from the Palo Duro Canyon, some twenty miles to the southeast. Not every potential fence builder was so fortunate. For the great majority, finding fence posts on the treeless plains constituted a real problem.

Pecos Bill, the legendary hero of the Southwest, around whom so many tall tales have been woven, is reputed to have hit upon a solution when he found a cache of rattlesnakes, frozen stiff by a dilly of a Norther. Placing them head down, he drove them into the ground at intervals. This accomplished, he stretched barbed wire from snake to snake. The fence vibrated in the wind, but it held him. That night a thaw set in. The rattlers revived and slithered off with ten miles of fence. Pecos Bill wasn't overly concerned. The stuff wasn't meant for this country. It was a judgment in which most cattlemen concurred.

There were a few, however, who began to think that maybe, just maybe, this new contraption might have some merit. There was no point in trying to raise blooded stock on the open range where everybody's cattle roamed at will and made it impossible to keep blood strains pure. With fences now a rancher could close off his own stock, shut out those belonging to other owners, and keep his own cattle true to their breed. Then, too, there was the problem of water; its possession meant life itself to man and beast. With fence, it would be possible to enclose the supply, keeping it for one's own stock.

The water was deep in the land, but it was there. An agent had already been down from Chicago talking windmills, pointing out that they were a natural for these open, treeless plains where the necessary power—the wind—was practically ever present and free to anyone who wanted to harness it. A rancher could sink wells on his own land at opposite ends of his spread and install cross fences, working out a system of pastures—one for summer, one for winter; one for bulls, another for blooded stock; and still another for ordinary range cattle. The possibilities were endless. This meant, of course, that land would have to be bought or leased which until now had been used by all without pay. The expense would pay for itself because of the higher prices better beef would command.

It would not be possible, or even desirable, to drive better cattle to market on their own power as the old longhorns had been taken. Blooded cattle would have to be shipped by rail, but this problem, too, was in the process of being solved. Already railroads were inching their way westward. Until now, they had looked only for the shortest, fastest way of getting across the Great Plains, making as few stops as possible. However, if there were cattle to be transported to Chicago and other markets, if there were freight to be discharged, like fence and fence posts and so on, it would be worthwhile for the railroads to make stops.

The railroads, necessary if the rancher were to carry out his plan for better cattle, did come, webbing their way across the continent—the Rock Island, the Fort Worth and Denver, the Katy, the Santa Fe. Their very names spelled romance and adventure. They themselves furnished a market for barbed wire, as well as a means of transporting it. The Chicago and Northwestern was the first to buy a small order to be used in fencing the right-of-way. By 1880 over fifty different lines were using fence for this purpose, and along their ribbons of steel, towns sprang up bringing business and culture with them.

But what about the cowboy who saw in this newfangled product, and not without justification, a threat to his way of life, even to his existence. Who could drive cattle up a trail thick with "the Devil's Rope," or "the Devil's Necklace," as he called it, along with other, less printable names? Besides, the ranchers were no longer raising the sort of cattle that could take those long drives. Downright soft they were. Tender feet.

In this new way of doing things, cowboys rode fence instead of herd; instead of cutting cattle, they cut posts. A new song was added to the ones they used to sing as they went up the trail. This one, with good reason, was even more melancholy than the others:

They say that heaven is a free range land,
Goodbye, goodbye, O fare you well;
But it's barbed wire fence for the Devil's hat band
And barbed wire blankets down in hell.

There were others besides the cowboy who objected not without validity to the presence of barbed wire. Fences sometimes closed off public roads; they shut off sources of water; in some cases, proprietors fenced in land which did not belong to them. Large ranchers had been known to settle their own men on strategic sections, those having water or other desirable features, and later buy up these sections for themselves. Stock were forever cutting or maiming themselves on the wire; screw worms penetrated the wounds, often necessitating the destruction of the afflicted animals. Most especially were the rustlers against it; with the wire forming barriers, it was more difficult for them to ply their trade. There was another menace, even more grave. Cattle, trying to reach shelter during a blizzard, would be stopped by the fence, with disastrous results.

Old-timers still tell the story of the Great Blizzard. By this time there was a barbed wire fence all across the Texas Panhandle from New Mexico to Oklahoma just north of the Canadian River. Came the storm, the worst in the knowledge of man. Cattle drifted with it, seeking protection from wind and cold in the breaks of the river.

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The "Lasting Peace" of Fort Laramie

Prelude to Massacre

BY JAMES C. OLSON

The four-year struggle to clear the Indians from the Powder River road to the Montana gold fields was punctuated by much fighting, many false hopes, and not a little foolishness. A large part of the foolishness which gave rise to the false hopes occurred at Fort Laramie in 1866. Despite General Patrick E. Connor's inconclusive Powder River campaign of 1865, as 1866 opened representatives of the army and the Indian Bureau thought they could persuade the Sioux and Cheyennes to come in off the warpath and make peace.

The hope that the Powder River Sioux would come in and that peace might be secured set everyone atwitter. On January 16, 1866, Major General Grenville M. Dodge, who had been in overall command of the Powder River campaign, telegraphed Major General John Pope, who was commanding the Military Division of the Missouri: "Big Ribs has returned with a large delegation of Sioux Indians to Fort Laramie. The prospects of peace with the Sioux Nation good." Later that same day he sent another wire to Pope. "Please telegraph me what you consider I should say to the Sioux, what to promise them and what to demand from them. They want to hear from me and demand to treat with a soldier. If we manage this matter right, we will settle all troubles in the North." The next day Pope advised Secretary of the Interior James Harlan that he had instructed Dodge to arrange with the Sioux Indians to meet in council early in the spring with commissioners appointed by the President for the conclusion of a final treaty of peace.

It seemed, indeed, a miracle was about to happen in that the Sioux, who the year before had frustrated General Connor's efforts to open the Powder River road, were willing to cease hostilities and come in for a conference.

The army had taken the initiative in the events that had led up to this happy prospect and had done so even though most high-ranking officers on the plains had been opposed to a treaty with the Indians until they had been soundly punished and made to feel the power of the government. The reason for the abrupt change in attitude can be found in the army's impossible position vis-à-vis the Indians: the inability to defeat them with the forces available in 1865. Now even those forces were to be reduced. It was hoped that Connor's campaign would bring an end to hostilities. Pope in writing to Brigadier General Frank Wheaton, commander of the District of Nebraska (which included the Platte and Powder River country) said:

> . . . it is the purpose to return to a purely defensive arrangement for the security of the overland routes . . . and I desire especially, General, to impress upon you the absolute necessity of the strictest economy in your expenditures. It is essential that you return without delay to a peace basis, and to the economical arrangements which obtained before the rebellion.

In a sense, conditions were as they had been fifteen years earlier: the army was unable to coerce the Indians, and the only hope for peace and security lay in persuading the tribes themselves to keep the peace. Accordingly, when General Wheaton visited Fort Laramie in October, he ordered Colonel Henry E. Maynadier, commandant of the post and of the West Sub-District of Nebraska, to send messengers to the hostile Sioux "to inform them that other tribes were making peace and an opportunity would be offered them to do the same." The prospects of success were not very bright; the mission was so dangerous that no white man could be found who would try it. Maynadier, however, had finally persuaded Big Ribs, one of the "Laramie Loafers," and four others to undertake the mission. After three months—during which Maynadier despaired of ever seeing his envoys again—they returned. They brought the great news that had so excited Dodge: Red Cloud would soon be in with some two hundred fifty lodges. They also brought Swift Bear and his band of Brulés.

Swift Bear was no catch. He had long been friendly and apparently had been forced by the hostiles to leave the whites; he was ready to rejoin his white friends as soon as he could be assured of protection against his own people. Maynadier, however, was elated. He told Swift Bear that his people could have peace if they wanted it—and peace would mean presents and the right to camp where they could get game and live quietly. All they had to do was to abstain from hostilities and commit no more depredations on the whites. Swift Bear was ready. He

had wanted peace all along, but his people had been afraid to come into the fort for fear of being killed. Now they were glad to be able to come and get something for their women and children who were naked and starving. After reporting all this to the commissioner of Indian Affairs, Maynadier wrote:

> As soon as I have completed all arrangements with the Brules and Ogallalas, I will direct them to go to the Black Hills, 80 miles north, and establish their camps until Spring. This is their favorite ground, but for three years they have not been permitted to occupy it.

The Sioux were not the only ones with whom peace might be secured. Maynadier also had good reason to believe that the Northern Cheyennes who were affiliated with the Sioux would ask to be included. The Arapahoes were on the Big Horn and the Yellowstone, some seven hundred miles away, and could not be contacted until spring, but, if they continued to be hostile, the Sioux could be persuaded the following summer "to chastise them."

All that spring the plains were bathed in hope. E. B. Taylor, head of the Northern Superintendency who had been appointed president of the commission to deal with the tribes, busied himself at Omaha in preparation for the trip to Fort Laramie where the final treaty was to be concluded. And from Fort Laramie good news arrived steadily. On March 3, couriers from Red Cloud reported that he was on his way and that he wanted the Northern Cheyennes and the Arapahoes to join the Sioux in making peace. A few days later there was word from Spotted Tail, chief of the Brulés. He had had long association with the whites and for the most part had been friendly; alienated by mistreatment, however, for the past several years he had been with the hostiles. Now he had with him the body of his daughter who had died from disease and exposure and who had begged to have her grave among those of the whites. Would Colonel Maynadier permit it? Maynadier, seeing an opportunity to bring Spotted Tail back into the fold, not only replied that he would permit it but rode out to meet the sorrowing chief and personally escorted him to his headquarters. He was honored that the great chief would entrust to him the body of a daughter whom he knew Spotted Tail deeply loved. Everything would be prepared to have her funeral at sunset, that "as the sun went down it might remind him of the darkness left in his lodge when his beloved daughter was taken away; but as the sun would surely rise again, so she would rise, and some day . . . all [would] meet in the land of the Great Spirit." Maynadier also talked of peace, saying that in a few months commissioners from the Great Father would come to treat with the Indians and that everything would be settled on a permanent basis of peace and friendship. Spotted Tail was overwhelmed. Tears fell from his eyes, and as he grasped Maynadier's hand, he said:

> This must be a dream for me to be in such a fine room and surrounded by such as you. Have I been asleep during the last four years of hardship and trial and am dreaming that all is to be well again, or is this real? Yes, I see that it is; the beautiful day, the sky blue, without a cloud, the wind calm and still to suit the errand I come on and remind me that you have offered me peace. We think we have been much wronged and are entitled to compensation for the damages and distress caused by making so many roads through our country, and driving off and destroying the buffalo and game. My heart is very sad and I cannot talk on business; I will wait and see the counsellors the Great Father will send.

Maynadier was quite overwhelmed, too. The scene was "one of the most impressive" he had ever seen, and its ramifications could hardly be overemphasized. "I attach great importance to this ceremony as rendering beyond a doubt the success of the efforts I have made to restore peace," he concluded. "It satisfies me of the entire trustiness of Pegaleshka, who is always with Red Cloud, and they two rule the nation. . . . The occurrence of such an incident is regarded by the oldest settlers, men of most experience in Indian character, as unprecedented, and as calculated to secure a certain and lasting peace."

But this was not all that augured for peace. On March 12, four days after the funeral, Red Cloud himself arrived. He, Spotted Tail, and two hundred warriors were escorted into the fort with great pomp and ceremony for a council with Maynadier and Vital Jarrot, agent for the Indians of the Upper Platte. This was to be no ordinary conference. Maynadier would use the talking wires so that the chiefs could counsel with the man whom the Great Father was sending to Fort Laramie. At first, Red Cloud refused to enter the telegraph office, but finally his objections were overcome, and between the chiefs at Laramie and Taylor at Omaha, the telegraph carried messages of peace and good will. Taylor sent the following dispatch to Red Cloud:

The Great Father at Washington has appointed Commissioners to treat with the Sioux, the Arapahoes and Cheyennes of the Upper Platte, on the subject of peace. He wants you all to be his friends and the friends of the White Man. If you conclude a treaty of peace, he wishes to make presents to you and your people as a token of his friendship. A train loaded with supplies and presents cannot reach Fort Laramie from the Missouri River before the first of June and he desires that about that time be agreed upon as the day when his commissioners shall meet you to make a treaty.

The message was interpreted to the Indians and they seemed to approve. Taylor's next concern was whether peace would be imperiled by delaying the conference until June 1. Maynadier thought the chiefs would consent to wait, however, because Red Cloud's horses were in poor condition and because it would take some time to gather the scattered Indians.

To protect himself, Taylor stated that June 1 was the earliest possible date and that he could more certainly have the presents with him if the conference were delayed until June 30. The chiefs apparently were agreeable. Maynadier reported, "Red Cloud says he will be five or six days going to his village but he will tell them how he has been received and will assemble all the Indians to come in here at the time the commissioners will be here. He knows now that everything is right and they can be better to wait and get traps and beaver between now and the first on June."

Taylor was jubilant. That same day he wrote D. N. Cooley, commissioner of Indian Affairs: "There is every reason to hope and no cause to doubt that a lasting peace will be easily effected with the hitherto hostile tribes of the Upper Platte, including the Sioux, Arapahoes and Cheyennes."

That hopeful phrase, "a lasting peace," seemed to be the watchword on the plains during the spring of 1866. Apparently it was based solely on the supposition that with the disappearance of buffalo and other game, the Indians had become so destitute that they were willing to agree to anything in return for presents and subsistence. Of their desperate condition, there was ample and heart-rending evidence as Maynadier wrote of Red Cloud's people: "Nothing but occular demonstration can make one appreciate their destitution, and near approach to starvation." Of their willingness to agree to anything, the evidence was not quite so clear, although Maynadier thought them, "thoroughly subdued," and believed that "the wildest spirit will only have to remember last winter to make them forego any depredations."

The critical question, of course, was the willingness of the Indians to permit the use of the Powder River road to Montana. Swift Bear and other friendlies had said that they would not object if they were paid for it. This was a foregone conclusion—the friendlies had never really objected. The important consideration was the attitude of Red Cloud and others who had carried on the war during 1865. Apparently, no one bothered to find out what it was. At least, there is no record to show that at any time during the preconference parleys Taylor, Maynadier, or Jarrot intimated to Red Cloud that a condition of peace and presents would be the maintenance of the Powder River road. Subsequent events indicated that the failure was no mere oversight, but that it was based on the assumption that the best policy was to keep the Indians content with presents until the commissioners could reach Fort Laramie, and then hope that their situation really was so desperate that they would agree to anything and could be held to that agreement with a minimum force.

The army certainly operated on the assumption that a minimum force would be sufficient, and its plans for protecting the Powder River road consisted almost entirely of an administrative reorganization. In April, the Department of the Platte was established, with headquarters at Omaha to afford, as General Sherman stated, "the best possible protection to . . . the region of Montana, and the routes thereto." Almost simultaneously, Colonel Henry B. Carrington was placed in command of a newly created "Mountain District" and ordered to take the Second Battalion of the 18th Infantry from Fort Kearny to occupy it. No fighting was expected. Carrington was a garrison officer with no experience in Indian warfare, and his little force consisted almost entirely of raw recruits.

Meanwhile in Omaha, Taylor busied himself with plans for the conference, and at Fort Laramie, Maynadier and Jarrot tried to keep the Indians content until the commissioners could arrive. It was not an easy task.

After the conference of March 12, Maynadier gave his visitors a small amount of powder and lead and urged them to go off and hunt until the council was called. By May 8, however, they were all back at Fort Laramie, desperately in need of provisions. Maynadier wrote Cooley that they were "grateful and patient and have

Carrington approached in ad

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implicit confidence in promises made them," but Jarrot wired Taylor that the chiefs were very impatient and that if he wanted to meet with them he had better arrive by the twentieth or they would all have dispersed. That, Taylor replied, was impossible, although he would try to reach Laramie by the twenty-sixth. Jarrot and Maynadier would have to explain the whole matter to the chiefs and hold them together if possible.

Somehow—largely through issuing rations and making promises—the two men managed to keep the Indians in the vicinity of Fort Laramie. Taylor and his associates finally arrived on May 30, and on June 5 the conference that was to bring "a lasting peace" formally opened.

Taylor was pleased at the prospect. Red Cloud, Red Leaf, Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse, and Spotted Tail were all there, and many of their people were with them. There was also a small representation of Cheyennes and Arapahoes. Taylor told the assembled Indians that "it was not the desire of the government to purchase their country but simply to establish peaceful relations with them and to obtain from them a recognition of the rights of the government to make and use through their country such roads as may be deemed necessary for the public service and for the emigrants to mining districts of the West." Taylor was not being altogether candid. E. B. Chandler, who was sent to Fort Laramie in December 1866 to investigate Indian problems there, wrote that Taylor had intimated to the Indians that travel on the Powder River road "should be confined strictly to the line thereof, and that emigrants and travellers generally should not be allowed to molest or disturb the game in the country through which they passed." This impossible promise, Chandler charged, "was well calculated, and . . . designed to deceive" the Indians.

The next day, Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, Red Leaf, and Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse responded for the Sioux. We have no direct translation of their speeches, but Taylor—apparently lacking candor in his reports to his superiors as well as in his representations to the Indians—wrote:

> [They] were marked by moderation and good feeling; and at the conclusion of the council, these chiefs expressed the opinion that a treaty could and would be made and asked for time to bring in their people who are encamped in large numbers on the head waters of White River, some fifty or sixty miles distant from Fort Laramie. . . . The general feeling of all these tribes is very conciliatory and friendly and I have no doubt that satisfactory treaties will be effected with each and all, if their attendance can be secured.

Taylor, of course, had the chiefs who really counted, and while it was a truism of Indian negotiations that it was necessary to get common consent of all to make an agreement binding, it is difficult to see how much more authoritative representation could have been achieved than was already present. Nevertheless, he agreed to adjourn the council until the thirteenth, meanwhile persuading Colonel Maynadier to issue supplies to the chiefs for the trip to White River and to keep on issuing rations to the Indians who remained behind.

On June 13, 1866, the council convened again—and immediately exploded. The charge was unwittingly detonated by the arrival of Colonel Carrington who had been plodding up the Platte with troops to provide protection for travelers who would use the road that was to be opened by the peace commissioners at Fort Laramie.

There are many stories as to just what happened on that fateful day; and, in the absence of a detailed, official report, various writers have accepted uncritically one or another of the yarns. Perhaps the most spectacular account is Cyrus Townsend Brady's in *Indian Fights and Fighters*. Brady has it that Carrington approached in advance of his troops and was introduced to the members of the council. "Red Cloud, noticing his shoulder straps, hotly denounced him as the 'White Eagle' who had come to steal the road before the Indian said yes or no. In full view of the mass of Indians who occupied the parade ground he sprang from the platform under the shelter of pine boughs, struck his tepees and went on the warpath." This story is to a degree confirmed by Frances C. Carrington, who wrote in *Army Life on the Plains:*

> Red Cloud himself, it is officially reported, when he saw Colonel Carrington at his visit to the council, upon his arrival threw his blanket around himself, refused an introduction, and left with his announcement of his views, pointing to the officer who had just arrived, "The Great Father sends us presents and wants us to sell him the road, but White Chief goes with soldiers to steal the road before the Indians say Yes or No.

Frances Carrington, then the wife of Lieutenant George W. Grummond of Colonel Carrington's command, included in her story a reminiscence of William Murphy, an enlisted man in the 18th Infantry who apparently was an observer:

> Our expedition reached Fort Laramie on June 13, in time for Colonel Carrington to participate in the council being held with Red Cloud, Man-Afraid-of-His Horses, and other Indian chiefs to secure the Indian's consent to the construction of a road and the erection of the promised forts, the Indians protesting vigorously against this.
>
> Red Cloud made a dramatic and effective speech. He claimed that the Peace Commissioners were treating the assembled chiefs as children; that they were pretending to negotiate for a country which they had already taken by Conquest. He accused the Government of bad faith in all its transactions with Indian tribes.
>
> In his harangue to the Indians he told them that the white man had crowded the Indians back year by year and forced them to live in a small country north of the Platte and now their last hunting ground, the home of their people, was to be taken from them. This meant that they and their women and children were to starve, and for his part he preferred to die fighting rather than by starvation.
>
> Red Cloud promised that if the combined tribes would defend their homes they would be able to drive the soldiers out of the country. He said it might be a long war, but as they were defending their last hunting grounds they must in the end be successful.
>
> The powwow continued for some time, until finally the hostile Sioux under Red Cloud withdrew, refusing to have any further counsel or to accept any presents.

Finally, there is the story reported by Doane Robinson in "Tales of the Dakota," that when Red Cloud was in-

formed that the soldiers had come to open the Bozeman Road, he "leaped from the platform, caught up his rifle, saying, 'In this and the Great Spirit I trust for the right.' "

Whatever happened—and Murphy's story seems to be the most viable—it was apparent that with the withdrawal of Red Cloud, the great council at Fort Laramie was not going to bring peace to the plains. Later, officials of the Indian Bureau blamed Carrington's arrival in the midst of negotiations for the failure of the treaty. Carrington's arrival was unfortunate, and it undoubtedly triggered Red Cloud's flare-up. It is difficult to believe, however, that the chief was prepared at this time to sign a treaty permitting a road through the Powder River country—notwithstanding the hopeful estimates of the effect of the winter's privations on the spirit of the Sioux. Moreover, Taylor and Cooley were fully aware of Carrington's proposed movement and there seems to be no record that they protested. Actually, Carrington probably would have been beyond Fort Laramie at the time the council began had his departure from Fort Kearny not been delayed by General Cooke because of the weather and the condition of his command.

Whatever the relationship of Carrington's arrival to the collapse of negotiations, Taylor went ahead as though nothing had happened; he said that he had been sent by the government to make peace and it should be accomplished if made with but two Indians. Treating the departure of Red Cloud and Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse as of no importance, he busied himself with signing up the friendly chiefs. They were not a very impressive lot: Big Mouth and Blue Horse, of the Laramie Loafers; Swift Bear, who had been with the hostiles only against his wishes; a few others of even lesser importance. The biggest catch of all was Spotted Tail, but even he had a long history of friendship with the whites. Moreover, his people, preferring to live south of the Platte, had little interest in the Powder River country. Essentially, of course, what it amounted to was that those who had no stake in the Powder River area were perfectly willing to sign a treaty which granted a right-of-way through it. The inducements, it might be noted, were substantial: annuities in the amount of $70,000 a year for twenty years. Taylor also managed to sign up a few Cheyennes (they were to get $15,000 a year for twenty years) and on June 29, he triumphantly wired the commissioner of Indian Affairs: "Satisfactory treaty concluded with the Sioux and Cheyennes. Large representations. Most cordial feeling prevails."

It was not long, however, before disturbing rumors began to filter back to Washington. The Indians, it seemed, were as hostile as they had been before the treaty, and travel on the Powder River road was as hazardous as it had ever been. The commission, back in Omaha, telegraphed President Johnson: "Satisfactory treaties of peace have been concluded with the Upper Platte Sioux and Cheyennes at Fort Laramie. Contradictory reports are without foundation." Still the rumors would not down. The *Omaha Herald*, which was frequently quoted by eastern papers on Indian affairs, wrote on July 27:

> Much doubt prevails concerning the late so-called Treaty with the Indians at Fort Laramie. From all we can gather we do not believe it will prove of the least value to our interests. Long-winded speeches and the deal out of powder and lead, bogus kinnikinnick, small trinkets, rations, and other similar traps, to a set of blind and antiquated Indian chiefs, amounts to nothing. . . . We have ceased to hope anything from the Laramie abortion.

By August 22, Cooley called on Taylor, now in Washington, D. C., for a special report. Taylor had a ready answer. There had been depredations, but these were the work of "about two hundred fifty Bad Faces, composed of Oglalas and desperate characters of various tribes of Sioux . . . [who] refused to recognize the authority of the tribe." The depredations would not lead to a general war, and alarmist news to the contrary could be attributed "to the fertile imagination of some enterprising gentleman who cares more for army contracts than the public peace."

Taylor continued to play on this theme. In his report as president of the treaty commission, he wrote that "although the Indians, as might naturally be expected, were reluctant to allow the proposed road to pass through the best of their remaining hunting grounds, yet when informed of the wishes of the government, and of our disposition to give a liberal equivalent, they acquiesced in our request in a full council." Those who were trying to cast doubt on the permanence of the treaty were "evil-disposed persons, actuated by malice or cupidity." In his annual report as head of the Northern Superintendency, written October 1, he took cognizance of the difficulties with Red Cloud but hardly in a way to describe what had actually happened:

A band numbering perhaps three hundred warriors, headed by Red Cloud, a prominent chief of the Ogalallahs, refused to come in. They are known as Bad Faces, and are composed of the most refractory and desperate characters of the tribe, who, having committed some serious infraction of the internal police of the tribe, have congregated themselves together, and refuse to be governed by the will of the majority.

They were of no consequence, Taylor asserted, because "at least seven-eighths of the Ogalallahs and Brules" had signed the treaty.

Moreover, it soon appeared that even these "refractory and desperate characters" would be brought to terms. On October 18, M. T. Patrick, who had succeeded Jarrot as agent for the Indians of the Upper Platte, wired Taylor that Red Leaf's band was on the way to Fort Laramie to make peace and that Red Cloud himself was coming in to sign the treaty. On November 19, Patrick solemnly announced that he was "about to move Red Cloud, Red Leaf and Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, Sioux bands of Indians, now north of Powder River, to Mr. Bordeaux Ranche, nine miles east of this place, and there negotiate a peace treaty with them." Taylor, the same day, advised his superiors in Washington that all hostile bands of Sioux wanted to sign the treaty.

This continuing optimism apparently made an impression at the highest levels of government. On December 5, President Johnson, in his annual message on the state of the union, assured the country that the Indians had "unconditionally submitted to our authority and manifested an earnest desire for renewal of friendly relations."

Out where the Indians were the mood was different. When the Fort Laramie negotiations collapsed, some of the friendly chiefs warned those who wanted to venture into the Powder River country to "go prepared and look out for their hair." Colonel Carrington, who went from Laramie to provide protection for the Bozeman Road, was subjected to repeated attacks, particularly at or near Fort Phil Kearny, his principal base of operations. These attacks culminated on December 21, 1866, when Lieutenant Colonel W. J. Fetterman and eighty men whom Carrington had sent from Fort Phil Kearny to relieve a wood train were massacred in the worst defeat the army had yet suffered in Indian warfare.

The "lasting peace" of Fort Laramie, instead of providing a solution to the Indian problem, had been but a prelude to massacre.

The Fort Laramie negotiations of 1866 are treated by a number of writers on Indian history and the West. The memoirs of Frances C. Carrington and Margaret I. Carrington—*Army Life on the Plains* (Philadelphia, Lippincott, 1910); *Ab-Sa-Ra-Ka* (Philadelphia, Lippincott, 1890)—are particularly useful. Other works of value are: Cyrus Townsend Brady, *Indian Fights and Fighters* (Garden City, Doubleday, 1904); Dee Brown, *Fort Phil Kearny: An American Saga* (New York, Putnam, 1962); Grace Raymond Hebard and E. A. Brininstool, *The Bozeman Trail* (Cleveland, Arthur H. Clark, 1922); George E. Hyde, *Red Cloud's Folk* and *Spotted Tail's Folk* (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1937, 1961); and Doane Robinson, "Tales of the Dakota," *South Dakota Historical Collections*, XIV (1928), 485–537.

I have used these, but this article is based primarily upon records of the Bureau of Indian Affairs and of the War Department in the National Archives, particularly those of the Upper Platte Agency and the Department of the Platte. Complete documentation will be found in the version appearing in my *Red Cloud and the Sioux Problem*, to be published summer 1965 by the University of Nebraska Press.

A Museum in Search of the West

"I desire and direct this Museum be operated as a nonprofit artistic enterprise for the benefit of the public and to aid in the promotion of cultural spirit. . . . I have come to realize that they who acquire wealth are stewards in the application of that wealth to others

BY MITCHELL A. WILDER

■ With this philosophic expression of his mission in life, Amon G. Carter directed his executors to establish a museum in Fort Worth, Texas, built around his own collection of paintings and sculpture. In specifying that the name of the institution should be the Amon G. Carter Museum of Western Art, he took care to emphasize the responsibility of the museum in its educational mission.

Mr. Carter, long-time newspaperman and grass-roots Texan, died in 1955. He referred to his last and eternal rest as "the grave—a democracy for all of human kind." In departing this life, he made many democratic gestures in behalf of his fellow man. The city of Fort Worth and West Texas generally will not soon forget him. Interestingly, the art collection which in his lifetime was highly personal and closely guarded against publicity, is now the instrument of his widest renown. The Amon Carter Museum of Western Art has become a nationally known institution in a span of very few years.

Plans to implement Carter's last instructions regarding the museum were not initiated until 1956 when the Amon G. Carter Foundation, created under his will to manage the bulk of the estate, engaged Philip Johnson, architect of New York City, to prepare plans and develop the site which had been specified by the founder. Amon Carter, Jr., and Ruth Carter Johnson, children of Mr. Carter, and Mrs. Katrine Deakins, secretary of the foundation, approved the plans in 1959; and the new museum was completed early in 1961. The first exhibition of the Carter collection was installed by the late Jermayne MacAgy, then chairman of the department of art, St. Thomas University, Houston.

The opening in January 1961 was a gala affair in the best Texas style. Chartered and private aircraft brought guests from throughout the land. If Fort Worth had been under any delusion that its new museum was to be a local operation, the cosmopolitan gathering at the dedication soon revealed the true nature of affairs. It was a museum of western art, indeed, but new ideas were abroad in the land. Mrs. J. Lee Johnson, III, Carter's daughter and today president of the museum board, found herself cornered by the persistent reporter who wanted to know, "What is western art?" Mrs. Johnson, in the terse good

humor of her famous father, replied, "Not oriental." This explanation has been used on many occasions since and has found its way into the *Congressional Record*.

The question remained to be answered in a more serious vein. What should the museum do? Richly endowed with paintings and sculpture by Remington and Russell, the main show was obvious. But, recalling the educational charge given by the founder, the foundation officers saw a greater responsibility than the presentation of a single art exhibit. How could the museum program be adapted to tell of the people, the places, and the events which the artists had known? What of the proven society; the economy—cattle, furs, agriculture; the Indians; the travelers? And then the final question, where is the West? Point to it and perhaps we can be more specific in developing a museum program.

Ruth Carter Johnson has inherited the organizing talents of her father. To bring some informed opinion to these questions, she asked a small number of opening-night friends to sit in on a meeting the next day—Rene d'Harnoncourt, Alfred Barr, both of the Museum of Modern Art; Dr. Richard F. Brown, director of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art; John de Menil, museum trustee and art collector; and Philip Johnson, architect for the new museum. Two hours of animated talk about a "new kind of museum" resulted in a policy decision which directed the museum on a unique plan of action.

Amon G. Carter (left) and Sid W. Richardson were in the rags-to-riches tradition of the booming Texas oil fields. Both became ardent collectors of western art, probably their only area of competition. The first public showing of the Richardson Collection was held in the Carter Museum in January 1964.

Carter Museum main gallery with the Appaloosa show installed. Will Rogers Memorial Coliseum in distance.

"The West" is a peculiarly American phenomenon. The movement of a pioneer population was sparked by a dream of millions for a new life, new opportunity, new adventures. The true facts of the American West are frequently glossed over, romanticized, and exaggerated. But society, both on the frontier and in the settled areas, was endlessly moving, ambitious, imaginative, yeasty. Every state had its moments of despair, triumph, frustration, and fortune. There is no geographic void in the story, and the calendar is only a device for reference. Time in "the West" dates from prehistory to the present. Thus, it was decided, a museum program which could recognize these limitless definitions could take advantage of many opportunities for research and education in the form of a continuing series of exhibitions on various "western" subjects.

A second policy decision at the trustee level was to put the educational product of the Carter bequest into permanent form. An exhibition is important and primary in its impact upon the community. It is, however, woefully limited in its effect beyond a small circle of neighbors, and nothing is more dead than the exhibit that has just come down. Publications related to the exhibition and stemming from the same research broaden the audience and keep the information available indefinitely. Therefore, Carter shows are always coupled with publications, varying from gallery books to full volumes of two hundred pages or more. Since 1961, ten titles have appeared, with seven more in progress in early 1965.

The *modus operandi* is simple. The Carter Museum staff is small, numbering a librarian, historian, in addition to the director and administrative and maintenance staff. "Program projects," budget jargon for exhibition-publication ideas, are suggested, discussed, and screened by this staff. If a subject seems to offer worthwhile materials, is practical in research terms, and a competent scholar or consultant is known who can assist, the museum will venture the necessary exploratory funds. Without making long-range commitments, a project is given a preliminary "feasibility" check. This includes some expert opinion on sources, collections, state of present knowledge of the subject, and an estimate of ultimate cost, both for the show and the book. As of now, twenty-three titles are listed on the museum budget: thirteen are firm, six are beginning to crystallize, three are tentative, and one is negligible. Other "good ideas" are in limbo as the staff searches for source materials or a knowledgeable consultant for a new subject.

In 1962, eighteen months after the building was opened, it became painfully evident that the handsome building just west of downtown Fort Worth could not handle both the presentation demands of the exhibit program and the burgeoning support facilities—library, offices, and shops. A new wing was opened in January

1964, providing a 70 per cent increase in working space and freeing former office space in the main building for added exhibition galleries. The changes have made possible a 50 per cent increase in exhibitions open to the public and insures available galleries at all times for some portion of the original Carter collection.

Today the trustees' policy of breadth in concept is realizing rewards. The museum is carrying out its educational mission in the community and the region. Beyond the wide reaches of Texas, however, it has been able to take active leadership in research and publication on a variety of subjects. As a museum with a basic interest in the arts, every effort is made to interpret the exhibition through creative media—painting, sculpture, and photography—but the role of documents, artifacts, and memorabilia in the telling of the story is employed whenever available. In the opinion of the museum, the arts of the West are many and are all fair game for its purpose.

The Amon Carter Museum of Western Art was established under the will of the late Amon G. Carter for the study and documentation of westering North America. The program of the museum is expressed in publications, exhibitions, and permanent collections related to the many aspects of American culture, both historic and contemporary, which find their identification as "western." Here is a list of its publications:

- STANDING UP COUNTRY: THE CANYON LANDS OF UTAH AND ARIZONA, *with the University of Utah Press and Alfred A. Knopf. Text by C. Gregory Crampton, 224 pp., $15.00.*
- SANTOS. *Text by George Kubler, $2.00.*
- WALT KUHN: AN IMAGINARY HISTORY OF THE WEST, *with the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center. Foreword by Fred S. Bartlett, 52 pp., $2.50.*
- TAOS AND SANTA FE: THE ARTIST'S ENVIRONMENT, *1882–1942, with the University of New Mexico Press. Text by Van Deren Coke, 159 pp., $7.50.*
- THE ARTIST'S ENVIRONMENT: WEST COAST, *with the UCLA Art Galleries and The Oakland Art Museum. Foreword by Frederick S. Wight, 132 pp., $3.75.*
- APPALOOSA, THE SPOTTED HORSE IN ART AND HISTORY, *with the University of Texas Press. Text by Francis Haines, 103 pp., $10.00.*
- FRONTIER GUNS. *Essay by John Graves, 34 pp., $2.00.*
- INAUGURAL EXHIBITION CATALOG. *40 pp., $1.50.*
- PAPER TALK, THE ILLUSTRATED LETTERS OF CHARLES M. RUSSELL. *Introduction and commentary by Frederic G. Renner, 112 pp., $7.50.*
- ILLUSTRATED LETTERS (*Charles M. Russell, Set of 12*), $2.

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Forthcoming Articles

The reading fare offered in the spring (May) issue covers a wide variety of subjects and even a wider piece of geography—from frontier Texas to frontier Alaska.

The story of *Jim Bowie* of Alamo fame is told by **J. Frank Dobie** in a piece written shortly before his death for an anthology on Texas heroes.

Wayne Gard tells a series of vignettes or anecdotes in *Frontier Texas Editors.*

J. S. Holliday presents an intriguing picture essay of the Russian Alaskan capital city of Sitka in the years 1868–69, shortly after its transfer to the United States. The beautiful photography is by **Edward Muybridge,** the famous pioneer West Coast photographer.

Prospectors, Profits and Prejudice by **Ted C. Hinckley** is the story of the discovery and development of gold mining in the Juneau area in the 1880's. Trouble soon developed because of employment of Chinese in mills.

A highly illustrated article on other mining areas of frontier Alaska, including the Yukon and Nome, is presented by **William Bronson.**

The influence of the Indian on American history, but particularly the Indian as a human being rather than a piece of the landscape, is the subject of an important article by **William Brandon,** *American Indians and American History.*

The Unwritten West

The great questions have almost never been asked (nor answered) in the West

Before the results of western achievement had settled sufficiently to make out the esthetics behind the smoke and dust, entertainment began simplifying "The Great West" into "The Wild West." In this century the parody was perfected by radio, paperbacks, pulps, movies, and television. From the beginning the complex region west of the Mississippi-Missouri has been deprived of the dignity of reality.

The same process, reducing history to cheap myth, has made serious teaching about the West nearly impossible at all levels, including the university. The text writers glamorize—even fantasize—out of all bounds writing about the trails, cattle drives, mining towns, and Indians. Like their own children they are addicted to the comic-book Romance of Lawlessness, America's most popular and absurd self-glorification.

In this Romance, violations of law and disrespect for community are supposed to have been abnormally justified by the western environment. It is one thing to maintain that lawlessness was abnormally present during settlement but quite another to assume that it morally befit that settlement. Bernard DeVoto is a classic example of this systematic distortion; in entertainment, Mark Twain is another. Since the chief end of entertainment is to create fantasy out of reality, Twain cannot be blamed for his excesses. But scholars and artists can. In literature especially, the Romance has reduced art to entertainment.

But public, scholarly, and artistic traditions to the contrary, art is no less possible for the West than for the other regions. Important emotions can be evoked; the great questions can be asked in the West. As a matter of fact a handful of writers have begun to ask them, providing some powerful answers. There is no literary movement yet, but at least there is motion.

Luckily the critics have worried a great deal more

about the misuse of the West in American art than have the writers. For instance, the critics wonder why Whitman's vision has seen so little fulfillment: "Yes, I think the chyle of not only poetry and painting, but oratory, and even the metaphysics and music fit for the New World, before being finally assimilated, need first and feeding visits here."

Critics suggest at least three answers. First, the overwhelming geography of the area may reduce the mind from metaphysical to merely physical capability. Thomas Hornsby Ferril, Colorado poet and critic, feels:

> Rocky Mountain literature is devitalized by a low-grade mysticism dictated by landscape. . . . The imagination, transported by enormous mountains, deserts and canyons, endeavors to answer landscape directly and tends to disregard, or curiously modify, what might otherwise be normal considerations of human experience.

He cites Oscar Wilde's tempting analogy between the West and Switzerland: "The mountains . . . are so gigantic that they are not favorable to art or poetry."

Another answer is the vernacular roots that have nourished nearly all middlewestern and western art. American Studies specialist Leo Marx feels that "the vernacular style is a distinctive achievement of American culture. But this is not to say that it has served to convey anything like an adequate view of experience, or that it has yet given America a great literature." Mr. Marx feels that its emphasis on primitivist sources has led to "the chief defect of the vernacular mode—its unremitting anti-intellectualism," a bias of our own time.

The third explanation takes up where Fredrick Jackson Turner left off, emphasizing not the settlement of the West but the lateness of that settlement at a time of growing national and international tensions. There is real truth in the familiar observation that the weeklies hoarded western materials to feed an eastern population hungry to escape the industrial, political, and social disturbances that quickly intensified after the Civil War. Mark Twain wrote *Roughing It* for his eastern audience. *Harper's*, *DeBow's Review*, *Century Magazine*, and nearly every other popular printed outlet commissioned artists, illustrators and writers by the score (sometimes in teams) to furnish the East with western exotica—Frederic Remington and Twain are only two of the most famous. Locals like Mary Foote of Denver found thirsty markets for their word and picture barbiturates of frontier life. Geologists, historians, and laymen made minor fortunes with their "journals" of "real life" in the settler, cattle, mining, and Indian territories—Francis Parkman is only the most famous of these. Guide books full of statistics, testimony, and practical traveling advice were printed and reprinted, revised and advertised. And what was the image stamped on American thought? The titles and preface of C. W. Dana's *The Great West, or the Garden of the World; Its History, Its*

BY JAY GURIAN

Wealth, Its Natural Advantages, And Its Future, also comprising A Complete Guide to Emigrants, with A Full Description of the Different Routes Westward (1858), are representative:

> The *Land of Promise*, and the *Canaan* of our time, is the region which, commencing on the slope of the Alleghenies, broadens grandly over the vast prairies and mighty rivers, over queenly lakes and lofty mountains, until the ebb and flow of the Pacific tide kisses the golden shores of the El Dorado.
>
> With a soil more fertile than human argriculture has yet tilled; with a climate balmy and healthful, such as no other land in other zones can claim; with facilities for internal communication which outrival the world in extent and grandeur,—it does indeed present to the nations a land where the wildest dreamer on the future of our race may one day see actualized a destiny far outreaching in splendour his most gorgeous visions.

Clearly, the myths of the West developed mainly in the East. And just as clearly, their romantic, escapist satisfactions are magnetic to our own time. For this reason the usual reaction to a proposed "serious" story, script, or scholarly paper with a western theme is "Oh yes, that sounds interesting—the only trouble is, it's been done *so much!*"

In truth, it's been done *very little!* The great questions have almost never been asked in the West: right and wrong, good and evil, vision and blindness, commitment and detachment, love and lust. Though more guns have blazed in the fairy-tale West than ever blazed in a war, hardly a single conflict has been portrayed. Though every kind of human experience has actually been felt

and played out there, few have been recreated by art. Thomas Hornsby Ferril sees the paradox when he says, "It is not drawing too long a bow to regard the galloping heroes of popular fiction as vestigial tribal gods. They have emerged through about the same process which once produced centaurs and titans, but their development has been arrested at a rudimentary plane."

As images, the western centaurs and titans are little more than ludicrous to the eye, their flat dialects an offense to the ear. Surrounded by movies, television, and paperbacks, we can hardly escape the parody which, because unconscious and devoted to the making of money, lacks the humor of decent parody or the pathos of burlesque. We are out of patience with dark-dressed badmen, sandy-haired good marshals, hoe-carrying, feet-apart settlers, hyperthyroid gunslingers, and the curious collection of noble savage and slit-eyed voluptuary known as "The American Indian." Yet there were no doubt gunslingers who worried about the moral implications of their work, acute and hyperthyroid farmers, and "savages" whose nobility fought great battles of right and wrong with their customs and angers.

As a matter of fact, such writers as Walter Van Tilburg Clark, H. L. Davis, Willa Cather, and A. B. Guthrie, Jr., such poets as Carl Sandburg, Thomas Hornsby Ferril, and Alan Swallow, and such artists as Maynard Dixon, C. S. Price, Tom Lea, and the members of the Taos School have already begun the important work of using western images for metaphors of human experience: scattered but significant attempts to transcend and restate Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, or Buffalo Bill. Within the compound-sentence structure that dominates the American paragraph, the descriptions of arroyos, sheepmen, tumultuous hooves, and pine-studded evenings are sometimes being properly used—as backgrounds for testing human values in the light and dark of a mighty environment. A reading of H. L. Davis' short story, "Open Winter," is testimony. Its main characters, Old Apling and young Beech, stand in the classical pattern of age to youth, method to impatience—but with this difference: age passes on values, not gun practice, to youth. As the story opens the two men have just driven a small herd of half-starved horses back to their owner after pasturing them on Old Apling's spread for a contracted sum, only to find that their owner, Geravis, has left both the area and the contract debt. Out of spite, young Beech wants to abandon the horses to probable starvation, but Old Apling insists they have a duty to the horses, and more, to their sense of right:

> Ream Geravis don't count in this. . . . What does he care about those horses? What counts is you, and I don't have to think up any better argument, because I've already got one. You may not realise it, but you and me are responsible for these horses till they're delivered to their owner. . . . It's against the law to let horses starve to death, did you know that? If you pull out of here I'll put out right along with you, and I'll have every man in that town after you before the week's out.

From such an apparently typical "Western" threat we might well expect the old posse-after-outlaw game to follow; but there is no posse, and though young Beech does finally pull out, he returns after protecting both Old Apling and the horses from unfriendly sheepmen. Even had there been a posse (as there so effectively is in a somewhat parallel tale, Walter Van Tilburg Clark's *The Ox-Bow Incident*) notice the issues at stake: recklessness and obligation. Young Beech learns a number of lessons in the trip down to the Columbia Valley (where they believe Geravis has moved). He learns to find water in a dry arroyo, but he also learns to find responsibility.

The Ox-Bow Incident is the classic of the recent attempt to restate the West. In part, the work fails this grand, consciously undertaken task. But Mr. Clark was playing for high stakes, as a few years later A. B. Guthrie, Jr., was to play for the same high stakes in *The Big Sky*. It is not necessary to recount at length the obviously classical structure of *The Ox-Bow Incident*—how Wrong inexorably, in the name of Law, inflicts injustice on the innocent, whose Right is corrupted by Circumstance to appear as Lawlessness. Every important western stereotype except the Indian is given a part on this dark Nevada stage: the power maniac, the mannish-woman leader, the single-minded humorless cattleman, the sympathetic barkeep, the ignorant cowboy, the weak dude, the loose girl, the earnest young settler, the canny Mexican and so on. But for once in a western tale the characters interact toward an ironic, not a mechanically romantic outcome. Though the reader, out of habit, keeps expecting the usual forces—the "hero," the sheriff, the dead-man-not-dead—to free the tight play from its tragic final act, his compassion is not appeased. It is to Mr. Clark's everlasting credit that though nearly all the members of the posse, every

reader, and fifteen years of movie audiences have not wanted Wrong to call the final shot, it nevertheless does. The innocents die at the unjust hand of Justice, and the moment of their strangulation on the bough of the ox-bow tree in the fierce Sierra may prove historic for the future of western literature. Here the reader is stimulated and frightened in a new way by new people: westerners working at great moral questions.

In *The Ox-Bow Incident* Mr. Clark takes on but does not bring to the mat the other important problems that future western art must wrestle with. His characters, discoursing in the vernacular on subjects that worried Socrates, are meant as dots in a tiny drama that find its logos in the grandest dramas—the religious dramas. If they ask their questions rhetorically, debating not in high music but meandering dialogue, so that finally we feel they take too long to get to their horses, we are bound also to feel that these are important questions with at best uneasy answers. We cannot help leaving *The Ox-Bow Incident* (especially the less talky, more dramatic movie version) with an uplifted feeling of participation in matters bordering on the eternal. The unresolved clash between vernacular and universal which is probably responsible for the artistic shortcomings of the work is less important for the audience than its overall success and is quite challenging for the artist in its esthetic implications. As Leo Marx suggests, the vernacular writer takes great risks, the western vernacular writer especially, for he must not only do the important but undo the silly.

These examples labor the obvious: clichés bury but do not murder truth. The absurdities of earlier western art and the limitations of current attempts should not discourage the American artist but should inspire him as the explorer is inspired, to line out an uncharted map.

There are great blanks in the American literary map besides the cowboy and settler West; the most important is the Indian. To be sure, we still patronize him, finding our sermon in two distinct texts: the studies of the anthropologists and the entertainment media. We still rationalize that though what we did was awful, he *was* socially, intellectually, and materially unequipped to survive in modern civilization!

Yet we are painfully aware, on some deep level, of the tragedy's prominent place among the unholy testaments. How is it then, that we must perpetually endure the teepee-wampum-ugh portrayal of dark, waxy objects to be shot down by "heroic" whites? How is it we cannot find in our entire literature an Indian who is a man before he is an aborigine? Only occasionally, as in the movie *The Broken Arrow*, does a writer sneak some breath into a redman's lungs, and the result is a revelation. The answer is, of course, that the purveyors continue to ignore the tragedy in favor of the travesty because their ignoring is well rewarded at the box office.

Has a single major writer, playwright, or scenarist yet attempted to deal with this tragedy in its valuative, emotional, high terms? The author of a fairly recent addition to the Custer myth tells us:

> There is, I believe, no incident in American history that has been made the subject of more research, investigation and speculation than the battle of the Little Big Horn, which was the culmination of Custer's career, and in which he and his men reached the end of the trail. Hundreds—indeed, thousands—of books, pamphlets, magazine articles and newspaper stories have been written about it; some of them good, more of them bad, and still more, indifferent. And the end is not yet.

The battle itself has starred; drama has been counted in numbers of soldiers lost. In all the smoke-and-blood fuss no one seems to have taken account of the enormous moral necessity betrayed at this particular climax. To the objection that the American artist and audience have had enough of noble savages, the reply is resounding agreement. The noble savage is basically a patronization anyway. But the American artist and audience have had almost nothing yet of the American Indian human, trapped and flailing, magnificent and cowardly, ignorant and wise, limited and passionate.

As a matter of fact, the most moving bit of recent writing about the Indian is set in a Great Plains cabin, not on a battlefield, and has for its main characters a white man without his boots on and an Indian girl who says absolutely nothing at all—not even "ugh." Precisely because he has gone in search of tormented souls, Ernest Haycox has given us an important clue to the possibilities of western art in his brief story, "A Question of Blood." Frank Isabel, a recent settler, has bought an Indian wife for a horse and a quart of whiskey. As cattlemen begin filling up the area earlier "held" by trappers, Mr. Haycox depicts western human geography in its typical genesis. But Isabel is no cardboard settler, the Crow girl no wax model, and their life is a mixture of

warmth and silence. Though Isabel feels he can never get at the thoughts of the dark girl crouching in a dark corner of the room—he barely speaks her language and she, English not at all—he is actually sensitive and compassionate. Otherwise he would not have taken her three hundred miles to Cheyenne for a "regular" marriage just before their child was born; and he would not have told her, on their visit to the new town that has sprung up in the plains nearby, "Those men are fools, I am not ashamed of you."

But of course he is, for the odor of the blanket is upon him, and his kind do not hide their sniffing. Sensing Isabel's fear of ridicule and his growing shame, the Crow girl begins eating on a floor blanket again, setting the child's place beside her. Their worlds wander from each other as Isabel frets about the future life of the child in an intolerant white world. One night a friend drops in and on leaving, remarks, "Your youngster's growin' up, Frank." The judgment implied in the casual remark decides Isabel: he brings another chair to the table and sets the child in it. He is "a long man throwing a thin shadow across the room," while his Indian wife draws "farther and farther back into the corner, like a shadow vanishing. And then, with his face turned suddenly away, he heard her stifled and terrible crying tremble the room's silence."

Though the last lines have the rhythm of aching inevitability, the story is merely a sketch, its impact limited. Frank Isabel is more than a cardboard cutout but not quite a sympathetic breathing human; the Crow girl is more than a figurine, yet she never quite engages our emotions because we are never exposed to her thoughts, and not even to her emotions, till the final sentence. But "A Question of Blood" is more important for what it could have been than for what it is. Whether accidentally or by design, the author has employed the worn-out settler and Indian-maiden images in a dramatic (domestic) treatment that is almost metaphorical of the Indian ordeal.

But texts must not only be taken from the West, they must be brought to it. Not merely the realistic and naturalistic texts of the last two generations but the lyric, picaresque, morality, history, and sonnet texts are needed also. It might be argued that these would reinforce flatulent myth-making. But myth-making for entertainment is distinct from myth-making for art. Great poets must have great audiences, as Whitman said, and can have them: there is nothing exclusive in the world's appreciation of *Hamlet*. On the other hand, mass culture need not preclude art for the inner tastes.

We are fed up with *both* the worn romanticism of western entertainment myths and the rutted naturalism of modern literature. In the deadly exploitation of both approaches, the writer is imposing his limitations on the American public not the public on him. The liberated perception will not find ludicrous the suggestion that Oedipus might be very much at home on a major Rockies ranch if conducted there by an artist of sufficient genius. For west of explored America, there have been empires of enormous scope with fates, foibles, and fortunes of national breadth and intensity not fundamentally less human or divine than those in Asia, Europe, or the eastern half of the United States.

It is time to begin again with the true materials of American culture, not the tried ones. Every age must accept the passing of its esthetic frontiers, not merely their forms but their materials. Seventy-five years ago the American writer became obsessed with disruption, chaos, disbelief, and for perfectly sound reasons. But in 1965 we find ourselves unannihilated; there are faint lines of progress. The great issues have not destroyed us. We have reason to curb pessimism but are too used to it. We have lost our creative strength to it. The American writer must not separate himself from "reality," but he must recognize the dearth of important matter in his literature today. Freud, Marx, Jake Barnes, and Blanche DuBois have been fed into the young imagination till it is glutted yet ironically suffers from malnutrition. It is time to take up the great questions all over again. This time, Whitman may have been right. American writing may make its future "feeding visits" to the American West.

About the Authors

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William Brandon *is the author of a long essay on Frémont's fourth expedition,* The Men and the Mountain *(1955), and of* The American Heritage Book of Indians *(1961). He is currently at work on* The Santa Fe Trail *for the "American Trails Series" being published by McGraw-Hill.*

Lewis Atherton *is professor of history at the University of Missouri where he specializes in western and southern history. Besides numerous articles, he has published* The Pioneer Merchant in Mid-America, The Southern Country Store, 1800–1860, Main Street on the Middle Border, *and* The Cattle Kings.

Joe B. Frantz, *professor of history at the University of Texas, is a member of the executive council of the Western History Association. He is co-author of* The American Cowboy *and of* Six Thousand Miles of Fence. *For the past dozen years he was a member of the Austin, Texas group that gathered in J. Frank Dobie's back yard at five o'clock in the afternoon to argue, agree, and share fellowship.*

James C. Olson *is Martin professor and chairman of the department of history at the University of Nebraska. He served for ten years as director of the Nebraska State Historical Society and as editor of* Nebraska History. *He is immediate past president of the American Association for State and Local History and is author or co-author of six books.*

Loula Grace Erdman, *born in Missouri, has spent many years in Texas and is currently a novelist in residence and associate professor of English at West Texas State College. She has written many stories and articles and over fifteen books ranging from juvenile fare to adult historical novels, most of which have been translated into several languages. Her latest book is* Fair Is the Morning *(1964).*

Mitchell A. Wilder, *director of the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, spent eighteen years at the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center. In 1953 he affiliated with Colonial Williamsburg in Virginia as vice president and director of presentations. More recently he has done museum program studies in various parts of the country. He served as director of the Chouinard Art Institute, Los Angeles, before assuming his present post in 1961.*

Jay Gurian *is associate professor at Wisconsin State University. He received his Ph.D. degree in American Studies from the University of Minnesota, specializing in the myth and history of the western mining communities. He spent the last two years at Osmania University, Hyderabad, India, teaching American literature and developing American Studies.*

WESTERN BOOKS

The Great West

■ O STRANGE NEW WORLD: AMERICAN CULTURE: THE FORMATIVE YEARS. **By Howard Mumford Jones** *(New York, Viking Press, 1964. 464 pp., illus., notes, index, $8.50).*
■ THE GREAT FRONTIER. **By Walter Prescott Webb.** *Introduction by Arnold J. Toynbee (Austin, University of Texas Press, 1964. 434 pp., biblio., index, $6.00).*

From a lifetime of study, Professor Jones has drawn a synthesis of American culture which is as enticing and novel as one's first introduction to the vastness and beauty of the Grand Canyon. As stated in the preface, his purpose is "to bring us back to the profound and central truth that American culture arises from the interplay of two great sets of forces—the Old World and the New." This is accomplished by a panoramic review of those habits, practices, and values that were projected from the Old World into the New where they were accepted, modified, rejected, or fused with inventions of its own. Renaissance culture flows across the Atlantic leaving enduring traces in our architecture and literature, while explorers, conquerors, and railroad magnates exhibit traits of the Castiglione gentleman and the Machiavellian concept of power. The Puritan ethic of hard work and benevolent stewardship of wealth is mirrored in our Franklins and Carnegies. The lost glories of Greece and Rome are reincarnated in numerous iconographical representations, while the virtuous Roman Republic passes through Montesquieu and the Founding Fathers to be preserved at least in part in our constitution. Out of the great destruction and dislocation of the Revolution, Americans settle down to create a culture free of European corruption. As they struggle to establish new bases for language, law, religion, and education, the country expands westward. Frontier enthusiasts will be particularly interested as Professor Jones traces the impact of the West upon the imagination in paint and words and concludes that "westwardness," the belief that we have had plenty of natural resources and plenty of space into which to run, has been the essential ingredient in American development. From the sandpit of Cape Cod, "the star of empire has gone realizing westward into a strange new land and a strange new sea." The book is a monument to a lifetime of research and contemplation, well documented with the reference notes appended in the rear.

In 1963 a tragic accident took the life of Walter Prescott Webb. In 1964 his own university chose to republish this memorial edition of *The Great Frontier* with an Introduction by Arnold J. Toynbee. The decision to keep the book permanently in print is a fitting tribute to the stature of Webb as a historian and the continuing relevance of his challenging thesis. When the book first appeared, Henry Nash Smith saw it as "the act of a scholar who accepts the proud role of a man thinking for his society." Now, twelve years later, Toynbee concludes that Webb has struck the proper theme for a "global history of the human race during this five-hundred-year-long period" since 1492.

Webb saw that the frontier was not restricted to America but that it included all of the unexploited, habitable regions of the world. For Webb the real importance did not lie in how or why the Great Frontier gave rise to new institutions but in what was happening to those institutions as it came to a close. He saw the corporate state suppressing individualism and democracy, while capitalism gave way to socialism. As much as he would like to, he could not see any "new frontiers" replacing the old. Like Webb, Toynbee also sees the West's expansion coming to an end. But his outlook for the future is much brighter as he views our technological precocity evolving a prosperous "modern world civilization" based on the reopening of "the West's economic frontier at a new moral level." Yet whatever the future

may hold, it cannot change the significance of the message of this great book. It lifts the mind out of the piecemeal, superimposes upon it the frustrations of a society in historical transition, and asks the fateful question, what next?

David I. Folkman, Jr., Captain
United States Air Force Academy

■ THE GREAT GATES: THE STORY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN PASSES. **By Marshall Sprague** (*Boston, Little, Brown, 1964. 468 pp., illus., maps, notes, biblio., index, $7.50*).

Crossing the Rockies today is accomplished with such ease, the twentieth century *voyageur* rarely appraises the enormous obstacle a mountain may place in the way of travel. Looking down on Mosquito Pass form thirty thousand feet does not fill us with doubt of our continued progress. The times have divorced the traveler from the intimate relationship of geography, human events. *The Great Gates: The Story of the Rocky Mountain Passes* is a narrative, a guide, and a reminder that every man crossing the pioneer continent faced that formidable problem—a way through the mountains. The political geography of our time reflects their successes, and the hopeless trails and roads across the ridge tell of the frustrating efforts to find the route.

Marshall Sprague has assembled a vast body of mountain information, historic and modern. His tales of the Continental Divide would provide rich reading alone. His glossary of the "gates" from the Rio Grande to the Fraser is the most useful and readable guide to be found: "some 800 Rocky Mountain Passes, . . . the ranges and drainage systems and different kinds of terrain."

The historian may quibble with abbreviated documents, but this is historical geography. Sprague's book brings one closer to the realities of mountain travel, past and present. Don't venture over the Divide without it.

Mitchell A. Wilder
Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, Fort Worth

■ MOGULS AND IRON MEN: THE STORY OF THE FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD. **By James McCague** (*New York, Harper & Row, 1964. 392 pp., illus., maps, notes, biblio., index, $7.95*)

James McCague, journalist and member of a railroad family, has combined his professional skills with an early love of railroading to give us yet another volume on the building of "the big one."

His book falls in between two recent studies: Wesley Griswold's *A Work of Giants* and Robert West Howard's *The Great Iron Trail*, both published in 1962. Like Howard's book, this one stresses personalities and "iron men"; it resembles the Griswold book in organization, moving back and forth between the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific, tracing their snail-like crawl toward each other. A look at the citations and list of sources in the McCague book will not impress the student of railroad history who is looking for something fresh in the way of material. But this is not to damn the book for not being another book; it was, without doubt, meant for the average reader of railroad histories.

There is one thing that is somewhat different about this latest work on the "transcontinentals." The author discusses the years following completion in 1869 and gives some impressions left by travelers over the new line. He also discusses the post-construction charges of financial irregularities and gives Oakes Ames a better "final grade" than that assessed by earlier writers.

Well written, adequately illustrated and furnished with very attractive maps, the volume tells again a story told many times before but somehow makes it seem as exciting as ever.

Robert G. Athearn
University of Colorado

■ THE PATHFINDERS: THE HISTORY OF AMERICA'S FIRST WESTERNERS. **By Gerald Rawling** (*New York, Macmillan, 1964. 326 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $6.95*).

The history of the American West has its devotees around the world. Englishman Gerald Rawling has written a broad introduction to the opening of the trans-Mississippi West from Lewis and Clark to 1840.

■ THE BEST OF "TRUE WEST." *Edited* **by Joe Austell Small** (*New York, Julian Messner, 1964. 317 pp., illus., $6.95*).

Joe Austell Small, publisher of *True West*, has selected some of his favorites from the early files of the magazine. These include pieces by Dobie, Webb, Murbarger, Gipson, Wiltsey, and others.

■ PICTURE GALLERY PIONEERS, 1850 to 1875. **By Ralph W. Andrews** (*Seattle, Superior Publishing Company, 1964. 192 pp., illus., index, $12.50*).

Comprised mainly of pictures with short biographical sketches of the photographers, *Picture Gallery Pioneers* is a photo-history of the photo industry and its infancy in the West. It contains much information about the pioneer workers from Watkins in the gold rush, through

Jackson and Hillers of the Great Surveys, to the galleries that popped up in many places; the book is full of historically interesting examples of their art.

▪ A CONCISE STUDY GUIDE TO THE AMERICAN FRONTIER. **By Nelson Klose** (*Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1964. 269 pp., app., selected paperbacks, biblio., historical journals, index, $5.00 cloth, $1.60 paper*).

This compact book provides a synopsis by topic of the main subjects of frontier history. It includes a correlated guide to the leading textbooks and a selected bibliography of secondary works in paperback and hardbound editions.

The Indians

▪ THE SHOSHONIS: SENTINELS OF THE ROCKIES. **By Virginia Cole Trenholm** *and* **Maurine Carley.** *Civilization of the American Indian Series* (*Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. 367 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $5.95*). ▪ THE LONG DEATH: THE LAST DAYS OF THE PLAINS INDIAN. **By Ralph K. Andrist.** *Maps by Rafael D. Palacios* (*New York, Macmillan, 1964. 371 pp., illus., biblio., index, $8.95*).

By the late eighteenth century, the territory of the Shoshonis stretched continuously from the deserts of California northeastward across Nevada, Utah, Idaho, and Wyoming, over the Rockies and on to the plains, with the Comanche branch pushing southeastward deep into Texas. Literally occupying the mountainous barrier to western expansion, their friendship was the key to the area from the time Sacajawea was instrumental in obtaining horses and guides from her kinsmen for the Lewis and Clark expedition. *The Shoshonis: Sentinels of the Rockies* is the story of this vanishing barrier. Following two introductory chapters on origins and culture, Trenholm and Carley unfold the sweeping history of Shoshoni-white relations from the time of the Spaniards through reservations, forced acculturation, and retribution of the 1960's. Carefully conceived and extensively documented, this volume should long stand as the standard work on this subject.

The Long Death does not cover new ground, but it is a magnificent interpretation of the subjugation of the Plains Indians by the resistless tide of explorers, miners, settlers, and soldiers who slowly but surely dispossessed them of their lands. In this broad but sad book the reader hears the roar of guns, the rumble of hooves, and the screams of the dying and dispossessed as Andrist sympathetically unfolds the tragedy of the Indians as the whites advanced.

▪ PUEBLO GODS AND MYTHS. **By Hamilton A. Tyler.** *Civilization of the American Indian Series* (*Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. 313 pp., map, biblio., index, $5.95*). ▪ THE LONG WALK: A HISTORY OF THE NAVAJO WARS, 1846–68. **By L. R. Bailey.** *Great West and Indian Series, XXVI* (*Los Angeles, Westernlore Press, 1964. 252 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $7.95*). ▪ HOSTEEN KLAH: NAVAHO MEDICINE MAN AND SAND PAINTER. **By Franc Johnson Newcomb** (*Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. 227 pp., illus., map, biblio., index, $5.95*).

In his book, *Pueblo Gods and Myths*, Tyler has presented a composite picture of all the Pueblo gods and many lesser supernaturals. Far from being a child-like people whose beliefs are quaint survivals, the Pueblos have faced, and are now facing, problems common to other sectors of mankind, and these challenges have been tempered by the role of religion in their lives. The book is an account of their struggle to accommodate themselves to the cosmic order; in a final chapter Tyler relates Pueblo cosmology to contemporary western thought.

From the National Archives and numerous other sources, L. R. Bailey in *The Long Walk* has put together a detailed study of the Navajo wars, their causes and aftermaths. The multicauses leading up to this "Long Walk" to Bosque Redondo—the Indian lust for wealth, the slave raids, the encroachment of New Mexican sheepmen, and the careless administration of Indian and military affairs—are clearly revealed in this well-documented study.

Following the death of Hosteen Klah in 1937, the Museum of Navajo Ceremonial Art was built at Santa Fe; and his tapestries, ceremonial effects, and drawings of his sand paintings formed the nucleus of its collections. Newcomb's *Hosteen Klah*, like the museum, reflects and preserves the flavor and symbolism of a vanishing way of life.

▪ THE INDIAN AND THE WHITE MAN. *Edited with an Introduction* **by Wilcomb E. Washburn.** *Documents in American Civilization Series* (*New York University Press, 1964.*

480 pp., illus., suggested readings, $7.50). ▪ THE AMERICAS ON THE EVE OF DISCOVERY. *Edited* by **Harold E. Driver.** *The Global History Series (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, Prentice-Hall, 1964. 179 pp., map, refs., further readings, $4.50*). ▪ THE INDIAN IN AMERICA'S PAST. *Edited* by **Jack D. Forbes.** *Spectrum Books (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, Prentice-Hall, 1964. 181 pp., notes, $4.50*).

Using different approaches, all three of these works present a sympathetic understanding of the American Indian. Washburn's compilation of original source material develops the larger theme of the Indian as part of the American experience. Primarily devoted to relations north of Mexico during the colonial period, the selections include: personal recollections of the Indian, writings of theologians, records of conflict, relations with the government, and literary views on the "noble savage." The separate and fairly complete essays in the Driver book emphasize the pre-Columbian nature of Indian society from Alaska to Patagonia. Forbes has put a greater stress on numerous short excerpts to piece together a comprehensive account of the dynamics of the European-Indian confrontation as seen by both sides.

▪ THE GREAT SIOUX NATION. By **Fred M. Hans.** *Limited edition of 2000 copies (Minneapolis, Ross & Haines, 1964. 586 pp., illus., index, $8.75*).

This is a limited-edition facsimile reprint of a dramatic and comprehensive account of the Sioux—leaders, wars, customs—through the bloody uprising at Wounded Knee in 1890. The author lived with the Sioux for years; his work contains a fifty-page dictionary of the Sioux language.

▪ CORN AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE UPPER MISSOURI. By **George F. Will** *and* **George E. Hyde.** *Bison Books (Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1964. 323 pp., illus., index, $1.60 paper*). ▪ LAND OF THE DACOTAHS. By **Bruce Nelson.** *Bison Books (Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1964. 354 pp., illus., biblio., index, $1.60 paper*).

▪ WAR CHIEF JOSEPH. By **Helen Addison Howard** *and* **Dan L. McGrath.** *Maps and illustrations by George D. McGrath. Bison Books (Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1964. 368 pp., illus., maps, apps., notes, biblio., index, $1.65 paper*). ▪ BLACK HAWK: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. *Edited* by **Donald Jackson.** *Illini Books (Urbana, University of Illinois Press, 1964. 177 pp., apps., biblio., index, $1.75 paper*).

Northwest

▪ THE BEAVER MEN: SPEARHEADS OF EMPIRE. By **Mari Sandoz** (*New York, Hastings House, 1964. 335 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $5.95*).

Since 1935, when Mari Sandoz published *Old Jules*, the story of her extraordinary father and his life on Nebraska's sod-house frontier, an audience has existed for any book she cared to write. After publishing a number of books about the Indians of the northern plains and the cattlemen and buffalo hunters who vied with them for possession of the range, she has felt the need of a book dealing with "the beaver men" in this area during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and we are now offered such a foundation work.

Anything Miss Sandoz writes is beguiling, informed by bone-deep knowledge of the country in which she grew up—the sight, smell, sound, feel, and taste of it—and these are the primary virtues of *The Beaver Men*. Unfortunately she has blurred the focus: first, by putting too much store in a tale she collected from a Sioux informant in 1931, which dated the coming of some "bearded men" to the Missouri three centuries back (two centuries might be acceptable, for the Vérendrye sons in 1743 heard of someone who might be identifiable with the Sioux tradition), and then by recasting the history of both French exploration and Indian tribal migrations to accommodate her isolated datum. Second, she abandons too often the nearly always enlightening viewpoint she offers on people who entered her region, to write a sometimes misleading and frequently inaccurate history of exploration and fur trade generally in America. Regrettably the book does not conclude; it merely stops with 1834, in such fashion as to suggest that the author simply abandoned it.

The Beaver Men should be read for its genuinely interested account of the American beaver and the centuries-long accumulation of beaver lore, for its insights into the physical conditions of plains life and how these affected men who made their homes in the country or passed through with their eyes on the far horizons, and above all for what Miss Sandoz writes out of memory and her own nerve ends.

Dale L. Morgan
Bancroft Library

▪ MANUEL LISA. By **Walter B. Douglas.** *With hitherto un-*

published material annotated and edited by **Abraham P. Nasatir.** *Limited edition of 750 copies (new ed., New York, Argosy-Antiquarian, 1964. 207 pp., illus., index, $12.50).* ▪ JOURNAL OF A FUR-TRADING EXPEDITION ON THE UPPER MISSOURI, 1812–1813. **By John C. Luttig.** *Edited* by **Stella M. Drumm.** *Preface and Notes* by **Abraham P. Nasatir.** *Limited edition of 750 copies (new ed., New York, Argosy-Antiquarian, 1964. 213 pp., illus., $8.50).*

As A. P. Nasatir has observed, whatever one reads about the early fur trade of the Far West seems to lead back to Manuel Lisa. The history of exploration and Indian trade on the Upper Missouri during the first decade of the nineteenth century is mainly that of Lisa and his Missouri Fur Company.

Since Walter B. Douglas' "Manuel Lisa" was first published in the *Missouri Historical Collections* in 1911, it has been the standard account. Introducing much new evidence in this new edition, A. P. Nasatir has extended the work to more than twice its original size. He has added eighty-eight pages of editorial notes, making corrections and changes, noting printed materials and providing longer accounts from original documents and manuscript sources that have come to light since 1911.

The *Journal of a Fur-Trading Expedition on the Upper Missouri, 1812–1813* by John C. Luttig is reprinted from the scarce edition of 1920. A. P. Nasatir has added a new Preface and two Appendixes of original documents.

▪ ASTORIA, OR ANECDOTES OF AN ENTERPRISE BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. **By Washington Irving.** *Edited with an Introduction* by **Edgeley W. Todd.** *American Exploration and Travel Series (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. 556 pp., illus., maps, app., editor's biblio., index, $7.95).*

Since its initial publication in 1836, *Astoria* has been regarded as an engaging narative of Astor's attempt to control the fur trade of the Pacific Northwest. However, Irving has been charged with mixing fact and fiction. Fortunately, Edgeley W. Todd took up the task of collating Irving's sources and the text in order to gauge how much of the work was fiction and how much of it was fact. The results of this exhaustive study now appear in the Introduction and extensively annotated text of this fine new edition. Professor Todd has been able to show for more than three-fourths of the text precisely, in some cases down to the very sentence, where Irving's information originated; and he concludes that "the authoritativeness of *Astoria* can be relied upon in all but an exceedingly small number of instances. It is at least as sound as the authorities Irving consulted."

▪ THE FRENCH & BRITISH IN THE OLD NORTHWEST: A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL GUIDE TO ARCHIVE AND MANUSCRIPT SOURCES. **By Henry Putney Beers** *(Detroit, Wayne State University Press, 1964. 297 pp., index, $11.50).*

Dr. Beers's scholarly *Guide* is a definitive historical account of the acquisition, preservation, and publication by American and Canadian institutions of the original records created by French and British officials in the Old Northwest south of the Great Lakes chiefly during the eighteenth century, and of officials and governing bodies of Canada relating to that region. The area covered includes Minnesota and the Dakotas.

▪ THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK. **By Hiram Martin Chittenden.** *Edited with an Introduction* by **Richard A. Bartlett** *(Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. 208 pp., illus., maps, apps., biblio., index, $1.95).* ▪ THE BANDITTI OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS AND VIGILANCE COMMITTEE IN IDAHO: AN AUTHENTIC RECORD OF STARTLING ADVENTURES IN THE GOLD MINES OF IDAHO. **Anonymous.** *Notes and Bibliography* by **Jerome Peltier** *(Minneapolis, Ross & Haines, 1964. 190 pp., illus., index, $6.00).* ▪ THE MISSOURI. **By Stanley Vestal.** *Illustrated by Getlar Smith. Maps by George Annand. Bison Books (Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1964. 368 pp., notes, biblio., index, $1.60 paper).*

In his edition of Chittenden's classic historical account of *Yellowstone National Park*, first published in 1895, Richard Bartlett has omitted some outdated descriptive material, and he has added a good picture of the importance of the Yellowstone book in the author's subsequent career in historical writing.

Jerome Peltier's Introduction and extensive notes give needed perspective to this new edition of the very rare *Banditti of the Rocky Mountains*, an eyewitness account of Henry Plummer and his gang, first published in 1865.

Stanley Vestal's *Missouri* is reprinted from the 1945 edition.

Texas and the Southwest

▪ SAM HOUSTON'S TEXAS. *Photographs and text* by **Sue Flanagan** *(Austin, University of Texas Press, 1964. 213 pp., notes to captions, sources, index, $12.50).* ▪ EARLY

SETTLERS AND INDIAN FIGHTERS OF SOUTHWEST TEXAS. By **A. J. Sowell.** *Limited edition of 750 copies (2 vols., New York, Argosy-Antiquarian, 1964. 844 pp., illus., $27.50).*

▪ THE SAN SABÁ MISSION: SPANISH PIVOT IN TEXAS. By **Robert S. Weddle.** *Drawings by Mary Nabers Prewit (Austin, University of Texas Press, 1964. 238 pp., maps, biblio., index, $5.00).*

Richly documented from sources, *Sam Houston's Texas* presents the Texas that Houston knew—through his picturesque language and through the camera's lens. The story, which is a scholarly tour, provides continuity for Houston's activities and perspective for Sue Flanagan's photographs which form the essence of this book. In 113 illustrative and beautiful photographs, she captures the spots in nature which Houston saw, the objects he knew, the houses where he was entertained and in which he lived—all of which are tangible reminders of "this colorful, cagey, and controversial man."

Sowell's two volumes, *Early Settlers and Indian Fighters of Southwest Texas*, contain sketch after sketch (132 sketches in 844 pages) of men who lived and died on the frontier of Texas. Entertainingly written with the liberal use of humorous anecdotes, the incidents, Sowell states in the preface, "have been gathered from sources most reliable, and he who peruses this volume may feel assured that he is not reading fiction, but facts which form a part of the frontier history of Texas." In the Introduction to this new edition (reprinted from the original 1900 edition), Joe B. Frantz sketches the life and writings of the author.

In the eighteenth century the Plains Indians formed a serious barrier to the Spanish advance in northern Texas. With the hope of thwarting the French advance, extending the king's dominion, and Christianizing the Indians, the Spaniards established the San Sabá Mission and presidio outposts. Illustrative of Spain's unsuccessful thrust into the plains, Robert Weddle has reconstructed the brief history of the mission in vivid detail.

▪ TEXAS EMIGRANT GUIDES, 1840–1841. TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION OF TEXAS TO WHICH IS ADDED AN ACCOUNT OF THE INDIAN TRIBES. By **George W. Bonnell.** ▪ SKETCHES OF TEXAS IN 1840. By **Orceneth Fisher.** ▪ TEXAS: ITS HISTORY, TOPOGRAPHY, AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE AND GENERAL STATISTICS. By **Arthur Ikin** *(Waco, Texian Press, 1964. 150, 64, 100 pp., $6.95 boxed set of 3 vols.).*

Orginally published in 1840 and 1841 as guides for Texas emigrants, these three rare little books, now reproduced in facsimile, contain much historical information—everything from Indians to streams and rivers.

▪ OLD FORTS OF THE SOUTHWEST. By **Herbert M. Hart.** *Drawings by Paul J. Hartle (Seattle, Superior, 1964. 192 pp., illus., directory of forts, index, $12.50).*

Using many contemporary photographs, Paul J. Hartle portrays some sixty forts in the Southwest from Texas and Oklahoma to California. There is a historical sketch of each and a plat of the grounds.

▪ BALLADS AND FOLK SONGS OF THE SOUTHWEST: MORE THAN 600 TITLES, MELODIES, AND TEXTS COLLECTED IN OKLAHOMA. By **Ethel** *and* **Chauncey O. Moore** *(Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. 414 pp., illus., app., biblio., indexes, $12.50).*

Here are 194 titles, 204 texts, and 213 melodies of English and Scottish ballads and British and American folk songs. Brief textual passages describe each song, trace its origin, and identify the contributing singer.

▪ OVER THE SANTA FE TRAIL, 1857. *From the original 1905 edition* by **William B. Napton.** *Introduction* by **Donald C. Cutter.** *Limited edition (Santa Fe, Stagecoach Press, 1964. 73 pp., $4.95).* ▪ THE OLD HOME RANCH: THE WILL ROGERS RANGE IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY. By **Ellsworth Collings** *(Stillwater, Oklahoma, Redlands Press, 1964. 177 pp., portrait, apps., index, $6.95).*

▪ CORONADO'S QUEST: THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOUTHWESTERN STATES. By **A. Grove Day** *(Berkeley and Los Angeles, University of California Press, 1964. 419 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $2.25 paper).* ▪ THE GILA: RIVER OF THE SOUTHWEST. By **Edwin Corle.** *Illustrated by Ross Santee. Bison Books (Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 1964. 402 pp., map, biblio, index, $1.60 paper).*

The Animals

▪ DOGS ON THE FRONTIER. By **John E. Baur** *(San Antonio, Naylor Company, 1964. 238 pp., illus., footnotes, $5.95).* ▪ THE GREAT ARC OF THE WILD SHEEP. By **James L. Clark** *(Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1964. 247 pp.,*

illus., apps., biblio., index, $6.95). ▪ THE WOLVES OF NORTH AMERICA, IN TWO PARTS. **By Stanley P. Young** *and* **Edward A. Goldman** (*New York, Dover, 1964. 636 pp., illus., refs. and selected biblio., index, $4.00 each, paper*). ▪ CALIFORNIA CONDOR, VANISHING AMERICAN: A STUDY OF AN ANCIENT AND SYMBOLC GIANT OF THE SKY. **By Dick Smith** *and* **Robert Easton.** *Introduction by Brooks Atkinson* (*Charlotte and Santa Barbara, McNally and Loftin, 1964. 111 pp., illus., biblio., index, $3.50*).

Although the importance of animals in the history of the American West is very apparent, good books about them and their place in man's world are not common. John Baur's *Dogs* is one of these; it's an entertaining history of man's favorite animal in the continental West from the pre-Columbian Indian breeds to Peary's at the North Pole in 1909. His sources and notes take up twenty-one pages.

Clark's book on the *Wild Sheep* and Young and Goldman's *Wolves* (now reprinted from the 1944 edition) are primarily scientific treatises, but there are pages on history. *The California Condor* is a plea for the conservation of this great bird.

The Mormons

▪ THE GATHERING OF ZION: THE STORY OF THE MORMON TRAIL. **By Wallace Stegner.** *The American Trails Series* (*New York, McGraw-Hill, 1964. 331 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $6.95*).

Much that has been written about the Mormons treats of the great trek to Utah. Indeed for the Saints it became a living symbol of their quest for the Kingdom of God. As with most symbols, it is difficult to separate the fact from the myth. It is fitting that an author of Stegner's past achievements and western experience should direct himself to this task. He starts with the expulsion from Nauvoo and deals primarily with the migration to Salt Lake City and the Gathering of Zion that took place over essentially the same route during the next twenty-two years. It is not the story of a route but of the people who traveled it and how, and why—an attempt to demythify and humanize the emigrants who drift in the cloudy literature of overzealous pens. So far as possible, Mr. Stegner has taken them from their own journals and reminiscences and letters. Throughout, there is an apparent striving for objectivity. How far this is accomplished will undoubtedly produce differences of opinion. Yet most will find here a vivid, illuminating recreation of a significant movement in the opening of the West.

▪ JOHN DOYLE LEE: ZEALOT-PIONEER BUILDER-SCAPEGOAT. **By Juanita Brooks.** *Western Frontiersmen Series, IX* (*new ed., Glendale, California, Arthur H. Clark, 1964 404 pp., illus., maps, biblio, note, index, $9.50*). ▪ JACOB HAMBLIN, THE PEACEMAKER. **By Pearson H. Corbett** (*new ed., Salt Lake City, Deseret Book, 1964. 538 pp., portrait, app., biblio., footnotes, index, $4.50*). ▪ HISTORY OF UTAH. **By Hubert Howe Bancroft** (*Salt Lake City, Bookcraft, 1964. 808 pp., biblio., index, $10.00*). ▪ THE LIFE OF JOHN TAYLOR, THIRD PRESIDENT OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS. **By B. H. Roberts** (*Salt Lake City, Bookcraft, 1963. 499 pp., illus., app., $4.00*).

These four notable reprints will be happily received by students of Utah and the Mormons. Juanita Brooks's award-winning *John D. Lee* and Corbett's *Jacob Hamblin* are balanced biographies of two of the most prominent Mormon pioneers in southern Utah and northern Arizona. Bancroft's *Utah*, published first in 1889, and still very useful, is reproduced here in facsimile as is the distinguished biography of *John Taylor*, last published in 1892.

A Western Gathering

▪ JAMES HALL: SPOKESMAN OF THE NEW WEST. **By Randolph C. Randall** (*Columbus, Ohio State University Press, 1964. 371 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $7.50*).

James Hall's life spanned the gap between Washington and Lincoln. As frontier lawyer, circuit attorney, judge, editor, and author, he emerges as a foremost figure in the cultural history of the Middle West. He appears to have been the first to portray in fiction the rough western frontiersman proliferated later in narratives like those of Mike Fink and Davy Crockett; and he delineated the western boaster later portrayed by Mark Twain. He was a leading writer of short stories between 1824 and 1832 before Poe and Hawthorne had demonstrated their best artistry in brief fiction. A pioneer of western realism, his life is here, for the first time, studied

in its entirety from a mass of source material. The seventy-eight pages of notes and bibliography attest to Professor Randall's painstaking research.

▪ RAILROADS, LANDS, AND POLITICS: THE TAXATION OF THE RAILROAD LAND GRANTS, 1864–1897. **By Leslie E. Decker.** *American History Research Center (Providence, Brown University Press, 1964. 435 pp., maps, tables, app., biblio., index, $15.00).*

Using the friction that developed between the railroads and the farmers, Decker views his heavily documented study as a demonstration of the futility and "barrenness of interpretive systems and problem-solving techniques" in historical methodology.

▪ MARK TWAIN IN VIRGINIA CITY. **By Paul Fatout** *(Bloomington, Indiana University Press, 1964. 240 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $6.50).* ▪ SILVER THEATRE: AMUSEMENTS OF THE MINING FRONTIER IN EARLY NEVADA, 1850–1864. **By Margaret G. Watson** *(Glendale, California, Arthur H. Clark, 1964. 387 pp., illus., app., biblio., index, $9.50).* ▪ NEVADA PLACE NAMES, THEIR ORIGIN AND SIGNIFICANCE. **By Rufus Wood Leigh** *(Sponsored by Southern Nevada Historical Society, Las Vegas; Lake Mead Natural History Assn., Boulder City, 1964. Illus., biblio., index).*

From extensive research in contemporary newspapers. Paul Fatout has reconstructed in authentic detail the formative period of Twain's career when he found a talent for writing while working on the Virginia City *Territorial Enterprise.*

The mining towns of Nevada, during the brief period from July 1863 to October 1864, saw at least 266 performances of plays, ranging from such standbys as *Hamlet* and *Othello* to such unforgettable newcomers as *Leah the Forsaken, Still Waters Run Deep,* and *Oh, Hush!* an "Ethiopean Opera." This outpouring of theatrical entertainment on the frontier, from 1850 to 1864, is documented in *Silver Theatre* with a flow of anecdote, quotation, and narrative that catches the pace of those times when striking it rich and needing to be roundly entertained were never far apart. In style the book is a model of how to document fully and yet be unfalteringly lively.

▪ THE CUSTER ALBUM; A PICTORIAL BIOGRAPHY OF GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER. **By Lawrence A. Frost** *(Seattle, Superior Publishing Company, 1964. 192 pp., illus., biblio., index, $12.50).*

This is a veritable Custer museum containing a large collection of photographs and other illustrations relating to nearly every event in the man's life but particulary to that affair on the Little Big Horn. The author, curator of the Custer room of the Monroe County, Michigan, Museum, has prepared a substantial accompanying biography of Custer.

▪ THE NATIONAL UNION CATALOG OF MANUSCRIPT COLLECTIONS, 1962, AND INDEX, 1959–1962 *(2 vols., Hamden, Connecticut, Shoestring Press, 1964, $13.50).*

The publication of the second volume (the first, covering material from 1959 to 1962, was published by J. W. Edwards, Ann Arbor, 1962) of the *Union Catalog,* together with the index volume, both compiled by the Library of Congress, puts into the hands of students a guide to 12,324 collections reported by 398 institutions. The utility of the work for the student of the history of the American West is evident on every page.

▪ THE HIGHER LEARNING IN COLORADO: AN HISTORICAL STUDY, 1860–1940. **By Michael McGiffert.** *University of Denver Department of History Series, The West in American History, III (Denver, Sage Books, 1964. 307 pp., sources, index, $6.50).*

An exceptionally detailed and scholarly work.

▪ FRONTIER IRON: THE MARAMEC IRON WORKS, 1826–1876. **By James D. Norris** *(Madison, State Historical Society of Wisconsin, 1964. 206 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $4.25).*

This study of a pioneer firm is a scholarly case study in the role of manufacturing in the development of the trans-Mississippi West.

▪ WESTERN GHOST TOWN SHADOWS. **By Lambert Florin** *(Seattle, Superior Publishing Company, 1964. 189 pp., illus., biblio., $12.50).*

Description, bits of history, and photographs of abandoned towns from New Mexico to the Klondike.

enemy, those that were charging backwards and forwards on their horses but a moment before as well as those that were standing in line, rose high in their stirrups and gazed, for a single moment, with astonishment, then guiding their horses' heads away from us, and giving one concerted, prolonged yell, they started in a dead run for their village. In fact when the fourth shot was fired there was not a single enemy within the extreme range of the howitzers.

The battle was now over, Carson informed his officers. The Indians would flee, and the cavalry, with horses nearly broken down from long work and little nourishment (grain-fed "American" horses always suffered in the field), could not pursue with any hope of success. It remained only to burn the hostile villages with their winter stores and withdraw. First, Carson permitted the command to rest. The horses were unsaddled and watered at a small stream (Adobe Creek) emptying into the Canadian about a hundred yards east of Adobe Walls. They were then picketed to graze while the troops kindled cook fires and brewed coffee.

Ordinarily the Indians would have fled as Carson predicted. But on this occasion, angry as disturbed hornets, they failed to follow the usual pattern. The troops had rested perhaps an hour when the Kiowas and Comanches were seen riding in massed formation from the village downstream. The troops quickly saddled the horses and once more herded them into the Adobe Walls, then re-formed the skirmish line. The Indian mass broke up; individually and in small groups they advanced to the attack. Some dismounted and pressed in as skirmishers; others, mounted, raced back and forth along the blue line. Slung on the sides of their ponies, they discharged arrows or rifles over the backs or under the stomachs of their mounts. They had learned their lesson and, keeping widely dispersed, gave Pettis few opportunities to employ the howitzers effectively. Occasionally, when the Indians bunched sufficiently to present a target, he threw a shell at them, but the guns did little execution. Once, however, a round scored a direct hit on a Comanche riding at full speed. It passed through his body and exploded about two hundred yards beyond. Two warriors galloped to their slain comrade and, expertly hoisting the body between their ponies, raced out of range amid a shower of bullets from the skirmish.

On the Indian side, Little Mountain, Stumbling Bear, and Lean Bear were the heroes of the day. Little Mountain had a horse shot beneath him. Stumbling Bear charged rashly at the line again and again. His daughter's shawl, which he wore for good luck, was riddled with bullets, but he emerged unscathed. One warrior, probably Satanta, destined in a very few years to become a renowned leader of hostile Kiowas, kept the troops confused as well as amused by sounding military bugle calls. The villages from down the river continued to furnish reinforcements throughout the afternoon until, as Pettis estimated with perhaps some exaggeration, about three thousand warriors were engaged. Unable to mass for a charge because of the artillery, however, they could only engage in indecisive skirmishing that kept the soldiers pinned down but did little damage.

Fearing for his wagon train and not wishing to let the

Indians remove their valuables from the upstream village under cover of night, Carson concluded late in the afternoon to break off the battle, and he formed the command for a defensive withdrawal. With a dismounted company in the rear and one on each flank, he began the march. The warriors followed closely, hurling one assault after another at the retreating column. "Now commenced the most severe fighting of the day," the colonel reported. "The Indians charged so repeatedly and with such desperation that for some time I had serious doubts for the safety of my rear, but the coolness with which they were received by Captain [Joseph] Berney's command, and the steady and constant fire poured into them, caused them to retire on every occasion with great slaughter."

Next the Indians set fire to the thick prairie grass, and an east wind swept the flames rapidly toward the troops. Berney's rear guard lost no time closing on the column. To neutralize the threat, Carson had the grass to his front fired. While it burned he formed a defensive line on the benchland to the north. Forgetting their experience earlier in the day, the Kiowas and Comanches, under cover of the billowing smoke, mounted a savage charge; it disintegrated under the impact of bursting shells from Pettis' howitzers.

The march continued over the blackened prairie until within five hundred yards of the Kiowa village. In one last desperate attempt to save their possessions, a body of warriors occupied the village and worked frantically to remove its stores. Others held off the troops. Again Pettis' guns went into action and dropped shells among the lodges. The occupants gave ground but remained in the camp. The soldiers dismounted and entered. Amid the tepees the two sides exchanged fire. Pettis ran a howitzer to the top of a sandhill and opened a bombardment on the far end of the village, where the Indians clung tenaciously to their positions. Each time the piece fired, the recoil propelled it to the bottom of the hill. Reloading, the gunners ran it back into battery for another shot. In the village the battle raged at close quarters, the Indians retiring slowly from lodge to lodge. "Reaching the last one," wrote Pettis, "the party, numbering some thirty or forty, mounted their horses, and at a run made from us towards the river, a twelve-pounder shell, the last shot fired in the fight, exploding in their midst, as a parting salute, just as the sun was setting in the western horizon."

Even before Pettis' howitzers cleared the last defenders from the village, the troops began the work of destruction. Appropriating what little could be carried, the soldiers and Utes set torches to the rest. Buffalo robes, dried meat and berries, cooking utensils, clothing, gun powder, one hundred fifty skin lodges—all went up in the flames of huge bonfires. The tepees also yielded abundant evidence of Kiowa raids on the Santa Fe Trail and Texas and Kansas frontier settlements: a buggy and a spring wagon belonging to Little Mountain himself, the uniform and accouterments of a soldier killed the previous summer, and dresses, shoes, and bonnets of white women and children. In fact, Carson later learned that five white women and two children were in the village when he attacked, but the Indian women concealed them in the breaks north of the river during the battle.

The lodges also contained large quantities of powder, lead, and caps—evidence of the *Comanchero* trade; and Pettis later met two Mexicans who admitted that as *Comancheros* they had been in the lower villages at the time of the fight. Carson was furious. "I have no doubt," he informed Carleton, "that the very balls with which my men were killed and wounded were sold by these Mexicans not ten days before." But the archvillain of the whole business was Superintendent Steck, "who gave them the pass to go and trade, he knowing perfectly well at the time that we were at war with the Indians, and that the Mexicans would take what they could sell best, which was powder, lead, and caps."

Also in the village were the corpses of four Kiowas—two cripples and two old people blind from the prevalent trachoma—who had been unable to escape when McCleave surprised the camp in the morning. Two Ute women accompanying the expedition had found them and cleaved their heads with axes. Proudly they showed their handiwork to the soldiers. According to Indian accounts, these four plus one Apache warrior were all that died in the battle. Carson reported not less than sixty Indians killed and wounded, while Pettis estimated losses at one hundred killed and one hundred fifty wounded. As Indians traditionally set their own losses absurdly low and military commanders tended to exaggerate, actual casualties doubtless fell somewhere between the extremes. Carson lost two men killed and ten wounded. One Ute was slain and five wounded. Numerous horses also fell victim to Kiowa and Comanche fire.

Uniting with Colonel Abreu and the wagon train ten miles west of the charred village, Carson went into camp. The Utes had taken one scalp in combat, and throughout the night they exhausted themselves in a riotous scalp dance. The command rested in bivouac the next day, November 26, carefully watching the Kiowas and Comanches who gathered menacingly on the hills but kept at a safe distance from the artillery. To the disappointment of the officers who expected at least to destroy the lower villages, Carson decided to return to Fort Bascom. His stated reason was the worn condition of the horses, which permitted no hope of overtaking the enemy. The march began on the morning of the twenty-seventh and ended at Fort Bascom two weeks later, December 10. Carson wanted to lead a larger expedition to the Staked Plains, but the requested reinforcements never materialized.

The horses were in fact in bad condition, but this hardly explains Carson's reluctance to destroy the lower villages before withdrawing. The truth almost certainly is that the Kiowas and Comanches had shown such unusual tenacity in close combat that he would have had to do some very severe fighting even to reach the lower villages—if indeed they still remained in place after the night of the twenty-fifth. There is no question that Carson regarded himself as fortunate to have escaped disaster and that he attributed his escape to the artillery. According to Pettis, the Indians later stated that but for the "guns that shot twice," no white man would have left the valley of the Canadian. "And I may say," Pettis added, "that this was also the often expressed opinion of Colonel Carson." According to another officer, "Carson said if it had not been for his howitzers few would have been left to tell the tale."

Yet Adobe Walls was a blow to the Kiowas and Comanches, too. Aside from the casualties, the destruction of the village left Little Mountain's people destitute at the beginning of winter. Beyond the material loss, the Indians now had to sit out the winter in constant dread of another attack, and the history of the Indian wars shows that nothing so sapped the morale of hostiles as insecurity in their winter homes. Within two months a Comanche chief appeared at Fort Bascom asking to make peace. Still, Kiowas and Comanches engaged in sporadic raiding the following spring and summer, prompting Carleton to order Carson to escort duty on the Sante Fe Trail, but the hostile forays never attained the proportions of the summer of 1864. On October 17 and 18, 1865, a peace commission headed by Colonel J. H. Leavenworth concluded a treaty with the Kiowa and Comanche tribes.

How significantly the Adobe Walls campaign influenced this result is impossible to say. It is an academic question anyway, for the treaty provisions were defective, and the tribes had no intention of following the white man's road. Thus, far from bringing the Kiowas and Comanches to heel, Carson's victory proved only the opening gun in a decade of intermittent warfare. The final reckoning came in the Red River War of 1874–75, which began within howitzer range of Carson's battlefield at the Second Battle of Adobe Walls. And it was the successful application of the precepts laid down in Carson's campaign—invasion of the Staked Plains sanctuary with repeated blows to Indian morale and Indian logistics—that destroyed forever the fighting spirit of the Kiowas and Comanches.

A substantial body of official correspondence covering both civil and military activities is in the National Archives, Record Groups 94, 98, and 75. Many of these documents are printed in *Condition of the Indian Tribes: Report of the Joint Special Committee Appointed under Joint Resolution of March 3, 1865* (Washington, 1867), and in *War of the Rebellion: Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, Series I, Vol. 41, Parts 1, 2, and 3. The Michael Steck Papers at the University of New Mexico and the files of the Santa Fe *New Mexican* also contain important data. The most graphic eyewitness account of the battle is George H. Pettis, "Kit Carson's Fight with the Comanche and Kiowa Indians," *Publications of the Historical Society of New Mexico, 12* (1908). Valuable Indian testimony appears in James Mooney, *Calendar History of the Kiowa Indians*, 17th Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Part I (Washington, 1898), and in W. S. Nye, *Carbine and Lance: The Story of Old Fort Sill* (Norman, 1943).

The Bomb at the Governor's Gate *continued*

have been convicted without question. Several of the jurors later remarked that the judge's charge to the jury had convinced them that whatever their doubts of Haywood's innocence, they could not legally send him to the gallows. Interestingly enough, Judge Wood personally believed that Harry Orchard had told the truth, that Haywood was indeed guilty of the brutal murder of Governor Steunenberg. Judge Wood's firm devotion to the principle that a man is innocent until proven guilty

beyond all reasonable doubt made him a rather unpopular man in Idaho for many years afterwards.

Big Bill Haywood was free, but the trial had bankrupted and doomed his Western Federation of Miners. Haywood went on to lead the Industrial Workers of the World—the notorious "Wobblies," to be sent to prison for obstructing the war effort in World War I, to flee the country, and to die an expatriate in Soviet Russia.

Pettibone was tried next. He was acquitted on January 4, 1908, more than two years after the murder. The charge against Moyer was then dismissed.

But between Haywood's trial and Pettibone's, there was another murder, more than one hundred fifty miles away from Caldwell but very like the killing of Governor Steunenberg. At about ten-thirty in the evening on September 30, 1907, Sheriff Harvey K. Brown of Baker County, Oregon—the man who had identified "Thomas Hogan" as Harry Orchard and who had arrested Steve Adams—opened the front gate to his home in Baker City. As he did so, a bomb exploded, tearing him apart and killing him. It was a repeat of December 30, 1905, in Caldwell, Idaho. No one was ever arrested for the murder of Sheriff Brown.

Only after dismissal of the charge against Moyer was Harry Orchard placed on trial. He was sentenced to be hanged on May 15, 1908, but in April, Governor Gooding commuted the sentence to life imprisonment.

Orchard's was a long life and a strange imprisonment. The man who had lain nine days in a death cell before he was ever charged with a crime was never again lodged behind bars. He had a cottage on the prison farm. There he read the Bible to which Detective McParland had introduced him and grew flowers by the doorstep and vegetables in a little backyard garden. With money donated by prominent Idahoans, he established a shoemaking plant in the prison in which other convicts worked—but not he. Back of his cottage he kept a little flock of chickens, and a warden once said that Orchard was so tender-hearted he could not kill his own poultry. Yet, although Attorney James Hawley, who had led the prosecution in Canyon County's greatest trial, tried for twenty years to get Orchard pardoned, a long succession of governors and parole boards refused to free him.

One by one, the members of the famed trial died: Haywood in obscurity in Russia; Borah in the fullness of his fame as United States senator; Darrow in the fading glow of his role as "the Great Defender," best remembered for a trial in which the issue was freedom to teach evolution while the class war was not even mentioned; the others each in his own place and own way. Nobody blew up mines any more. The revolution moved to foreign shores.

Still Harry Orchard lived on in his prison cottage. He used to welcome visitors and loved to talk unctuously about how he had "come over to God's side." But as old age crept upon him, he became querulous. In his last years, he was often heard to complain, "Why do they always want to talk about those others? They never want to hear about me."

On April 13, 1954, Albert E. Horsley, alias Harry Orchard, died peacefully in the hospital of the Idaho State Prison which had been his address for forty-nine of his eighty-one years. The death notices all referred to him by the alias he had worn in the Coeur d'Alene.

Much of the material for this article was drawn from newspaper accounts of the crime, the trial, subsequent features on Harry Orchard, and stories on his death in 1954. Excellent background on the troubles in the Coeur d'Alene was found in Samuel H. Hays, *Report to Governor of Idaho on Insurrection in Shoshone County*, a contemporary source. Haywood's version of the story was augmented by his *Bill Haywood's Book*, an autobiography. *Confessions and Autobiography of Harry Orchard* provided his version. Three books by Stewart H. Holbrook were used: *Dreamers of the American Dream*, *Murder Out Yonder*, and *Rocky Mountain Revolution* (the last of which for the most part follows Orchard's version). Darrow's role was described (although not completely) by Irving Stone in *Clarence Darrow for the Defense*. Other books which provided some assistance included *Dynamite* by Louis Adamic, *Celebrated Criminal Cases in America* by Thomas S. Duke, *The Pinkerton Story* by James D. Horan (which covered McParland's role—although again, not completely), Volume 4 of *History of Labor in the United States* by Selig Perlman and Philip Taft, and Volume 3 of Mark Sullivan's *Our Times*.

The Devil's Hatband *continued*

Here, too, might be found a little grass free of snow and, of course, water. The beasts came to the fence and milled back and forth helplessly. Here they died by the thousands, standing along the fence, stiff and straight. So natural they looked that cowboys, catching their first glimpse of them, thought they were still alive. The brands showed cattle from ranches as far away as Wyoming and Nebraska. After the storm, it was possible to walk for miles on the backs of cattle, so close

together they lay.

"We walked to our ruin," one of the cattlemen said, describing the debacle that was made of their fortunes at such a time.

No wonder barbed wire seemed to some a horrible thing, a devil force—savage, relentless, the foe of man and beast alike. Nor is it any wonder that those who opposed it took the practical and obvious approach. They began cutting the wire, starting, in Texas, Wyoming, and New Mexico, The Barbed Wire War.

Soon wire cutting reached epidemic proportions, something described by the historians as "a moral disease." Often a man putting up fence would be followed by cutters who, as soon as he was hidden over the rise, would cut the fence he had just finished. Mobs formed; blood was shed. The Texas Rangers tried to stop the practice, but often were helpless. Legislatures in several of the western states, aroused to action, met to pass laws to correct the situation. Wire cutting was made a felony punishable by a prison term. (The trouble was, however, that few juries were willing to send a man to prison just for snipping some wire, especially when the members were secretly in sympathy with the snipper.) Fence builders were required to leave gates every three miles and were enjoined from enclosing small land holders and fencing in public school lands.

A few were slow to give up, though. As late as 1888, the Stockman's Association of Nolan and Fisher counties in Texas passed a resolution to the effect that the land west of the one hundredth meridian was "fit only for grazing," and fences should not be built there.

Fence damage during this time was estimated at $20,000,000. But a greater disservice was done by the unfavorable publicity which discouraged immigration and retarded the investment of eastern and foreign capital, until now the backbone of the cattle business in this region.

One would-be rancher in Chicago trying to borrow money for his venture into the business was stopped the very morning he was to meet with the bankers from whom he sought the loan. Chicago papers carried the following headline:

HELL BROKE LOOSE IN TEXAS

Wire-cutters Cut 500 Miles of Fence
in Coleman County

He took the next train home without even making an attempt to keep his appointment with the bankers.

Gradually things quieted down. People began to see that cutting fences was, actually, wrong. More than that, they realized fences were inevitable. One cowboy expressed the general conclusion: "When I saw the barbed-wire machine at work and was told there were thousands of them at work, I went home and told the boys that wire would win—between the barbed wire and the railroads, the cowboys' days were numbered." And win it did.

Through the years barbed wire has been put to many uses undreamed of by its inventors. In the early days when telephones first came to the plains, the wires were connected to the barbed wire fences. Barbed wire, too, was often used to repair recalcitrant farm machinery. When the first cars appeared, it was used to pull stuck cars out of the mud. One could always find some lengths lying in the fence rows.

There are other, grimmer adaptations. Barbed wire was used in constructing barricades in both world wars, and it was put to a more shameful use in the concentration camps of World War II, and in today's Berlin Wall.

The longhorns are gone from the ranges now, giving place to sleek, fat Herefords, Angus, and other blooded stock. Real cowboys exist but nowhere quite like those on television. A few large ranches still stretch out for miles on end, some of them preserving as much as possible the old ways but still using barbed wire to fence off their pastures. Side by side with them are the small stockman and the farmer. Trains crawl across the vast land, and trucks and cars race over the super highways. Planes dip down to discharge and pick up passengers, mail, and freight. But no matter how one travels, he will never be long out of sight of barbed wire.

The material on which this article is based draws heavily upon the traditional sources—Walter Prescott Webb, *The Great Plains;* R. P. Richardson, *Texas: The Lone Star State;* Carl Fredrick Kraenzel, *The Great Plains in Transition.* I also dipped into sources closer home, such as Boone McClure, *History of the Manufacture of Barbed Wire* (Mr. McClure is director of the Panhandle Plains Historical Museum at Canyon, Texas); and James Cox, *Historical and Biographical Record of the Cattle Industry and Cattlemen.*

The most fascinating material, however, came from the files of the Amarillo Public Library. Here I found copies of interviews with old-timers, articles written by people who had first-hand knowledge concerning what they wrote about, and a wealth of other primary source material.

The Literature of Place

Much of the writing about the West is rooted in region, locality, and place. And why not? It is difficult to separate any part of history of the West from visions of rolling plains, of sharp and rugged mountains, and passes, of mesas and canyons and plateaus, of forests or sage, of great rivers or dry washes, of the Pacific washing against pine-girt beaches or desert coasts, of rain and fog, of dry air and a bright sun.

How is one going to separate the Plains Indians from the plains? The Texas Rangers from Texas? Mark Twain from the Mississippi and Virginia City? Custer from the Little Big Horn? The Hudson's Bay Company from Hudson Bay? The Rio Grande from the Pueblos and Spain? Beaver from mountain streams? Gold from California? The Mormons from the arid lands? Oregon from the road thither? The cowboy from the limitless horizon?

Who would want to? Some of our best historians are products of the land they write about, or they have insisted upon soaking up the spirit of the place where the people in their works have lived. Francis Parkman was not content to be chained to a desk in Boston; he traveled the Oregon Trail to the foot of the Rockies and camped in the forests on the route of French explorers. In paying tribute to Parkman, Samuel Eliot Morison in the preface of his *Admiral of the Ocean Sea,* said his work is "a fresh creation in three dimensions, a story in which the reader is conscious of space and light, of the earth underfoot, the sky overhead, and God in His Heaven." Morison went on to prove that Parkman's outdoor methods could effectively be applied at sea as his life of Columbus abundantly proves.

Would we have had his ideas about the frontier if Frederick Jackson Turner had been born in New York instead of Portage, Wisconsin? Herbert Eugene Bolton wanted to see the world his heroes saw. He followed them nearly everywhere they went, and as a result in his great biographies of Eusebio Francisco Kino (*Rim of Christendom*) and Juan Bautista de Anza (*Outpost of Empire*) he was able to breathe life into his characters. And his adventures on the trail and in the archives led him to urge that the history of the West, and the Americas, be studied in the broadest possible perspective.

In his preface to the *Great Plains,* Walter Prescott Webb said his "book is a part of all that I have been and known." After the work on the plains, he went on in *The Great Frontier* to study the results of the centuries-old boom that followed upon the discovery of America. And to these titans must be added the name of J. Frank Dobie who believed—and he lived up to his own preachments—that the highest patriotism comes in translating the features of the patria into forms of dignity, beauty, and nobility.

Dobie believed that good books would have to come from men—like those we have mentioned here—whose minds could transcend their region. A man must have an awareness of other times and other places if his work is to live. "Good writing," Dobie said, "about any region is good only to the extent that it has universal appeal."

To this view we subscribe. Let us have insights into the connections and relatedness of things. The West is a part of the world.

C. Gregory Crampton, associate editor

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I salute the Western History Association for the publication of its new journal, THE AMERICAN WEST. My enthusiasm is partly selfish, for I hope to be a reader of every issue since it deals with subjects which have been high in my interest for over fifty years. Dime novels and penny dreadfuls were my introduction to the epic of the American West; from that beginning I intend to be a no less avid reader of this new scholarly journal. I hope you do not regret my association of dissimilar publications, but there is no way to scrub the excitement and romance out of the history of the West.

A basic component of the American character relates to our great westward movement. Generations were shaped by the forces which impelled them to shift the frontier farther west.

Walter Webb pointed out in his *Great Plains* that every progressive political movement in America in the seventy-five years prior to the publication of that work, came from the West. Another historian wrote that never before or since in human history had each man alone counted for so much as in "The West," in that period when the Americans crossed the Mississippi and broke out on and conquered the open Plains. Tom Lea in *George Catlin, Westward Bound,* caught the spirit of the West, when he concluded that the West was more than a geographical area; it was an ambition, a dream—"this is the place."

We generally agree that the American character as thus shaped was good (in spite of what the Indians might say),

exalting vigor and boldness, endurance and ingenuity. These qualities are no less important today, but have we lost them because the frontier is gone? Or do they continue to exist, awaiting only the challenge? Were they a cause of the westward movement, or a response to it?

The answers to these questions are important as we seek to find our way in the Atomic Age. We should be able to learn important lessons from the experiences of our forefathers on the proving grounds of the West. It is my belief THE AMERICAN WEST will be an important forum for this study.

Ralph W. Yarborough, United States Senator, Texas

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Con Razón

With the permission of the paying customers, I will come down before the footlights, even as Iago, boldly to proclaim my villainy: what follows is nought but personal opinion, that same heady distillation which justifieth the anthologist in his selections, sustaineth the editor in his errant judgments, and maketh Hope spring infernal in the breast of benighted wights who back-raise on two small pair after the draw. To support my own belief that there may be reason in my madness, it seems best to present a few credentials. In so doing, a few essential mud sills may be laid.

I entered this vale of toil and tribulation a little ahead of Arizona's and New Mexico's admission into the Union of these United States, and it can be surmised therefrom that I am on the western slope of my allotted span, where the sunsets have a haunting poignancy not found in the shadow of the front range. It was my good fortune to spend many formative years in a frontier environment, in certain deep pockets of isolation somewhere west of Denver and north of a given point, and I grew to manhood surrounded by an elder and a simpler ethic. Because of this, I have in later years experienced a wry amusement at the facile acceptance by the very learned that the western frontier was laid to rest in the census of 1890, or the "Big Die" that preceded it. Even in this day of Grace and galactic nightmares, these frontier pockets still persist, albeit diminished and more scattered than in my good days, and it behooves those who would interpret truly the "West-That-Was" to spend some time, and not in an air-conditioned and mortgaged vehicle, in these pockets to absorb their quintessential flavor.

What with one damn thing after another, I laid out with the dry stock and drank water from a cow track in that slaunchandicular country between the headwater arms of the Bill Williams Fork, five days drive from the nearest shipping pens and a light year removed from the worn-plush elegance of the Luhrs Hotel in Phoenix. Too, I worked on top and mucked down the hole in several prospects that certainly fulfilled Mark Twain's definition of a western mine, "A hole in the ground owned by a liar." And once, to expiate certain shortcomings in a previous incarnation, I bucked sacks away from a thresher down some interminable straw-filled and crotch-chafed days. As late as 1956, I succeeded in finishing *A Bar Cross Man* by the simple expedient of selling stumpage to a gyppo logger and then enhancing the unearned increment by falling and bucking it into saw logs by the bushel. These vagrant livelihoods gave me, perhaps, a better comprehension of the thought processes of the denizens of the West-That-Was than could have been obtained from many books.

The mythic American West, speaking deeply to the generations, is the result of blind, mindless accretions laid down for purposes of personal profit by polypsian pulpeteers, their forerunners and inheritors. This mythic West long has been decried by any and every right thinking literary person, and by historians and other duly certificated viewers of the West, as a lamentable error of popular taste. Yet for over a century this mythic West has grasped and held its audience, woven the compelling spell of a land that never was by land or sea, simply because its emphasis, its ground lens focus, was always on the human equation; a stylized equation true, even grotesque in its unskilled manifestations, but always and forever holding the bifurcated individual in the spotlight. For this reason, the mythic West has continued to fire the hearts of its adoring, yearning devotees with every new form of mass communications until almost this very hour.

The American West, as I see it, again has become academically respectable after an hiatus due to emphasis upon the historical and sociological and political aspects of the hideous "alien city." That this has come about may be due to the acceleration of the so-called Westward Tilt of a restless people in the past fifteen years. That this respectability is a fact seems beyond dispute, and not alone because one of its signs and portents is the formation of the Western History Association. My own augury stems from the entrails of paperbacks issued by such venerable houses as Lippincott and by such university presses as Yale and Nebraska, and it is worth noting that many of these deal with the same factor that means so much to me—the human equation in the history of the American West. Because they do, they are invaluable in sidelighting the cosmic sweep of causal forces beloved of textbook writers.

It is this happy conjunction of quiescence in the more blatant perpetuations of the mythic West and the burgee of respectability flying from the academic masthead that gives THE AMERICAN WEST its opportunity and its significance. If this fledgling journal can present its offerings upon the altar of the West-That-Was as has been done by DeVoto, Dobie and Stegner, not to overlook Eugene Manlove Rhodes and Ross Santee, then will it confound the mythic West in all its knavish tricks and our inheritance be enlarged thereby. This may be asking more than mere mortals can produce; yet, if our reach be longer than our grasp, still we can strive to present the American West in THE AMERICAN WEST as a happy combination of the immediacy of human experience that warms the heart with the intellectual analysis that illumines the province of the mind. *Buen Provecho!*

W. H. Hutchinson, Chico, California

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November 2? 1921
Guy Weadick
T S Ranch
Longview
Alberta
Friend Guy I got your
letter and am glad to here you are doing so well
with your ranch it pleases me plenty to know that
their is so many men and women that will quit a gas
wagon and a good road and one wiken to look at the world
with a horse under em and where you live Guy if they'l stop
in the middel of a hoss you can show folks the top of America the
wildest the biggest and for a nature lover the best part of it
In tame countrys on a good road an autos all right but
if your hunting for anny thing wilder than a Doctor take a horse
I suppose by this time your on the rode I'm sending you a book
which I hope you enjoy My wife and I leave for Denver tommorow
morning so this is a busey camp we will returne in about two weeks
Thanks for the Invite to viset the T S Ranch we might
do that some time with best whishes to you and yours
from us all Your friend C M Russell

Many of Charlie Russell's famous illustrated letters to friends, including this one to Guy Weadick, are reproduced in Paper Talk *(Fort Worth, Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, 1962).*